SCOOBY APOCALYPSE™

"A hot new take..."
–GQ

VOLUME 2

KEITH GIFFEN
J.M. DeMATTEIS
DALE EAGLESHAM

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EXIT

EXIT

NEVADA...

I HAVE TO PEE.

MALL-MART SUPERSTORE

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

THE (NOT SO) GREAT ESCAPE!

ANOTHER KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DEMATTEIS & HOWARD PORTER MASTERPIECE OF HORROR, HUMOR & HUMANITY!*

*HEY--IT WAS EITHER PRAISE THESE THREE IDIOTS OR GIVE THEM A RAISE. GUESS WHICH ONE WE CHOSE?

HI-FI COLORS NICK NAPOLITANO LETTERER

HOWARD PORTER WITH HI-FI MAIN COVER

BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASST. EDITOR MARIE JAVINS LOOKING OVER OUR SHOULDERS JIM LEE LOOKING OVER MARIE'S SHOULDER

LOADING ZONE

THANKS FOR SHARING, *SHAGGY.*

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, *FRED.* I FOUND THESE GALLON JUGS OF GINGER BEER IN THE BACK. I *REALLY* HAVE TO PEE!

SO GO FIND A CORNER SOMEWHERE AND DO IT.

BUT THOSE MONSTERS OUT THERE ARE ATTRACTED BY *SOUND,* RIGHT? WHAT IF THEY, LIKE, HEAR ME AND COME BUSTIN' IN RIGHT WHEN I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF IT?

I DON'T THINK THE SOUND OF YOU URINATING WILL BE LOUD ENOUGH TO ATTRACT THEM.

=SIGH= TRAPPED IN A *MALL-MART,* SURROUNDED BY BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES THAT WOULD JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO DISEMBOWEL US--

--AND *THIS* IS THE CONVERSATION WE'RE HAVING?

SORRY, *DAPH.* I GET KINDA CRANKY WHEN MY BLADDER'S ABOUT TO BURST.

JUST GO, WILL YOU--

--AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY OUT OF HERE.

WE CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES STUCK IN THIS STOREROOM, LIVING OFF TEN-POUND CANS OF *BEEFIOLI.*

THERE'S BEEFIOLI? MAN, I LOVE THAT STUFF! AND SO DOES *SCOOBY!* HE--

REEFIOLI...?

JUST *GO!*

...BETTER?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA!

OKAY, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT *THAT* OUT OF THE WAY--HOW ABOUT AN ESCAPE PLAN?

FIRST THING WE'VE GOTTA DO IS SEE IF THOSE BEASTIES ARE STILL OUT THERE. COULD BE THEY GOT BORED AND WANDERED OFF.

SO...WHAT? ONE OF US JUST STROLLS OUTSIDE AND TAKES A PEEK?

IF THEY'RE STILL THERE--THAT'S SUICIDE.

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW--SHE REMEMBERS HOW TO SPEAK!

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AROUND, NOT SAYING A WORD, FOR HOURS, *VELMA.*

PERHAPS I HAD A GOOD REASON TO MOPE.

AND THAT REASON WOULD BE?

PERSONAL.

AS FOR SCOUTING THE AREA, I SUGGEST WE SEE IF THERE'S ROOF ACCESS. THIS WAY WE CAN GET A BROAD VIEW OF OUR SURROUNDINGS--

--WITH MINIMAL RISKS.

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA.

BUT WHAT IF THEY'RE ON THE ROOF, TOO?

THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE.

PROVIDING WE CAN FIND A WAY UP.

WHAT ABOUT THE LAPTOP, VELM? WERE YOU ABLE T'LOG ON TO *THE COMPLEX'S* SERVERS?

NOT YET. THE COMPLEX'S FIREWALL WOULD RECOGNIZE AN UNAUTHORIZED MACHINE--

--WHICH MAKES GETTING IN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.

SO IT'S IMPOSSIBLE?

NOT FOR ME. I JUST NEED A LITTLE MORE TI--

HEY! LOOK OVER THERE!

NO EXIT
ROOF ACCESS
NO HAY SALIDA
ACCESO POR
EL TE

IT'S THE DOOR TO THE ROOF!

NOW BE EXTREMELY QUIET. IF THERE *ARE* ANY OF THOSE MUTATED MONSTROSITIES UP HERE--

--WE DON'T WANT TO ALERT THEM TO OUR--

--PRESENCE.

ZOINKS! WHADDA WE DO NOW?

WE GO BACK DOWN BEFORE THOSE TWO THINGS SEE--

WE'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE!*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I NEED THAT TO--

WE'LL FIND YOU ANOTHER ONE! BUT *THIS* ONE--

--IS GOING TO SAVE OUR LIVES!

HUNGHH...?

KRAKT

HRR-RRRR!!

NOT VERY SMART--ARE THEY?

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

YOU TOOK A CONSIDERABLE RISK DOING THAT.

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO ARGUE, VELMA.

I'M NOT ARGUING, I'M COMPLIMENTING YOU. THAT WAS A BRILLIANT STRATEGY.

DID SHE JUST--?

YEP.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

SCOOBY...?

RUH-RUH.

IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. YOU CAN COME OUT. THE COAST IS CLEAR.

RUH-RUH.

THERE'S NOTHING T'BE AFRAID OF!

MAYBE THERE IS, SHAG-MAN!

WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?

PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING.

THE NOISE OF THE LAPTOP HITTING THE GROUND WAS LIKE A DINNER BELL. THEY'RE SWARMING IN FROM ALL OVER.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOU AND YOUR RIDICULOUS, RECKLESS IDEA.

BUT YOU SAID IT WAS BRILLIANT.

I CHANGED MY MIND!

SHHHH! THE LAST THING WE WANT IS THEM LOOKIN' UP HERE.

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO JUST WAIT THEM OUT--

--WHICH MEANS IT'S BACK TO BEEFIOLI, GINGER BEER AND PEEING IN CORNERS.

MMMMM. BEEFIOLI!

MMMMM. REEFIOLI!

NO, WE'RE *NOT HIDING* ANYMORE.

WE'RE NOT?

DAPHNE'S BLUNDER WITH THE LAPTOP MAY NOT HAVE BEEN SO IDIOTIC AFTER ALL.

WAIT. WAS THAT A COMPLIMENT OR AN INSULT?

BOTH.

HOW COULD IT BE BOTH?

COULD YOU GET TO THE POINT--AND QUICKLY? I'M WORRIED THOSE THINGEES'LL HEAR US.

THE POINT *IS* THAT THE SOUND OF THE LAPTOP SENT THEM INTO A FRENZY.

SO WHY NOT MAKE THE MOST *MONUMENTAL* SOUND WE CAN? ONE THAT WILL--

DISTRACT 'EM SO WE CAN MAKE OUR GETAWAY?

THEN LET'S GET BACK DOWN TO THE STOREROOM AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND!

BEEFIOLI'S PRETTY EXPLOSIVE--

--AS I'VE LEARNED FIRST-HAND.

ENOUGH WITH THE BEEFIOLI! LET'S FOCUS ON WHAT'S IMPORTANT--

--LIKE HOW SOMETHING CAN BE A COMPLIMENT AND AN INSULT AT THE SAME TIME!

REALLY? YOU'RE GONNA OBSESS ON *THAT?*

DINKLEY JUST GETS UNDER MY SKIN. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO *TRUST* HER OR *THROTTLE* HER.

IF WE WANT TO SURVIVE THIS MESS--

"--WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO TRUST EACH OTHER."
SO WHAT, EXACTLY, ARE WE LOOKING FOR?
ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY FLAMMABLE.
THAT SOUNDS DANGEROUS.
NOT AS DANGEROUS AS WHAT'S OUTSIDE WAITIN' FOR US.
CLEARANCE SALE
CLEARANCE SALE
SO THE PLAN IS BASICALLY TO BLOW THE ROOF OFF THIS PLACE?
AND HOPE THAT WE DON'T GET BLOWN TO PIECES *WITH* IT.
THAT'S EITHER TOTALLY MORONIC OR PURE GENIUS.
WAS THAT AN INSULT OR A COMPLIMENT?
PRECISELY.
AND NOW WE'RE EVEN.
"EVEN"? THIS ISN'T A CONTEST!
LOOK, DOC, I UNDERSTAND WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO HERE--BUT WHAT IF WE START THIS LITTLE CONFLAGRATION--
--AND THEN IT GETS OUT OF CONTROL?
BETTER TO BURN IN HERE THAN IN THE ARMS OF THOSE MONSTROSITIES.
I'D PREFER A THIRD ALTERNATIVE.
WE'LL GET OUT, SHAGGY. I *PROMISE.*
AND WE'LL EVEN GRAB A FEW CANS OF BEEFIOLI ON THE WAY.
THANKS, DAPH.
Y'KNOW, FREDSTER--I THINK I'M BEGINNIN' T'UNDERSTAND WHY YOU PROPOSE TO HER ONCE A WEEK.
IT'S NOT ONCE A WEEK!
IT'S ONCE A *MONTH.*
EVERYONE KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE--

"--AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND!"

CLEARANCE SALE CLEARANCE

PROPANE. NAIL POLISH. HAIRSPRAY. ANTIFREEZE. FIREWORKS. WE IGNITE THAT PILE, WE'LL CRATER THIS ENTIRE PLACE.

MAYBE WE SHOULD, LIKE, RETHINK THIS.

SECONDED.

IF ANYONE'S GOT A BETTER IDEA, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP.

Warning Highly flammable

I DIDN'T THINK SO.

WE *COULD* JUST GO BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL PLAN AND WAIT UNTIL THE CREATURES LEAVE.

IF THEY LEAVE. AS I RECALL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A MALL-MART.

=SIGH= YOU'RE RIGHT.

WE'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE.

IF YOU TWO ARE AGREEING WITH EACH OTHER, THEN I GUESS WE'RE ALL IN.

AT LEAST UNTIL WE'RE BLOWN FROM HERE TO BAYONNE.

Y'KNOW, ONE TIME WHEN I WAS IN INDIA, I LEARNED THIS CHANT THAT INVOKES *GANESHA*, THE REMOVER OF OBSTACLES. MAYBE IF WE CHANT IT TOGETHER, IT'LL HELP US GET OUT IN ONE PIECE.

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! BUT CAN WE ALL HOLD HANDS AND SING A CHORUS OF "KUMBAYA" FIRST?

I GUESS WE COULD IF IT REALLY MEANS SOMETHING TO--

OH. THAT WAS SARCASM, WASN'T IT?

el fuego

YES. YES, IT *WAS*.

IF YOU *DO* BELIEVE IN A DEITY, SHAGGY, THIS WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT TIME TO PRAY--BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO GO.

YOU FOUR HEAD OUT FIRST. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

NOTICE
LOADING/
UNLOADING
AREA
NO ADMITTANCE AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY
NO ADMITTANCE AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY
NO ADMITTANCE AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY
NOTICE
LOADING/
UNLOADING
AREA
NO ADMITTANCE AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY

DAMMIT! I *KNEW* THIS WASN'T GOING TO WO--

WHADDA-BOOOOOOOM!

MALL-MART SUPERSTORE

TAK-KA-TAK-KA-BOOM

YOU LUNATIC! YOU ALMOST *KILLED* US!

ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT.

AND BE QUIET! THOSE BEASTS WILL BE SWARMING IN HERE ANY SECOND NOW--

--AND WE WANT THEIR ATTENTION TO BE ON THE CASCADE OF EXPLOSIONS, NOT ON US. SO GET DOWN AND *SHUT UP.*

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! GIVEN YOUR TRACK RECORD SO FAR, I SINCERELY DOUBT THAT--

ROWWWR GRAAAK HYNNN

RIGHT. GETTING DOWN--

--AND SHUTTING UP.

TA-DOOM-TOOM

TA-DOOM TA-DA-BA-DOOOOM

TA-DOOM TA-DA-BA-DOOOOM

FWAKATA-TAKATA-THOOM

FWAKATA-TAKATA-THOOM

JINKIES!

NOW WHAT?

I DIDN'T EXPECT ALL OF THEM TO BE DRAWN IN BY THE EXPLOSIONS, BUT I'D HOPED THAT THERE WOULD BE FEWER OF THEM STILL LINGERING OUTSIDE.

MAYBE I *HAVE* FAILED.

YOU'VE GIVEN US A FIGHTIN' CHANCE, DOC. THAT'S ALL ANYONE COULD ASK.

NO, WE CAN'T TAKE THE RISK.

I... I CAN'T HAVE YOUR DEATHS ON MY CONSCIENCE, TOO.

GO BACK! GO BACK!

THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BACK *TO!*

"THOSE MONSTERS ARE ALL OVER THE STORE--AND THERE'S A WALL OF FLAME BEHIND US!"

"WE *HAVE* TO GO OUTSIDE!"

FRED'S RIGHT. WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

I... I'LL GO FIRST. MAYBE I CAN KEEP 'EM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR THE REST OF YOU T'GET TO THE *MYSTERY MACHINE* BEFORE--

NO. *I* SHOULD BE THE ONE TO GO FIRST.

YOU?

GET REAL, DOC! YOU WOULDN'T LAST THREE SECONDS WITH THOSE THINGS! I WON'T LET Y--

RUH-RUH!

"RUH-RUH" WHAT?

RET ME ROO IT!

SCOOB... BUDDY! NO!

DON'T GO OUT THERE! DON'T--

ROWF! ROWF!

HUNN...?

GARRRR

HRRGGG

GROWR

ROWWFF!
ROWF-ROWF!
ROW-ROW-
ROW-

TH-THEY... THEY'RE GOING TO KILL SCOOBY! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM BEFORE--

IF WE GO AFTER HIM, WE'LL ALL DIE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS REACHING THE MYSTERY MACHINE!

BUT--

DO AS I SAY, DAMMIT! AND DO IT--

--NOW!

INSIDE!

MOVE!

WAIT. WHERE'S FREDDY?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

WE NEED FOOD AND SUPPLIES IF WE'RE GONNA SURVIVE ON THE ROAD!

WE'LL FIND SUPPLIES SOMEPLACE ELSE! NOW GET IN THE VAN, YOU IDIOT, BEFORE--

GRRAHH!

GET IT *OFFA* ME! GET IT--

SNAKK!

MY LEG! IT BROKE MY LEG!

DAMN YOU, FRED JONES--

--YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE THE DAY I MET YOU!

BKOW

DO YOU THINK... WE HAVE TIME... FOR A QUICK *MARRIAGE CEREMONY*... BEFORE I DIE...?

YOU'RE NOT DYING AND WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT GETTING MARRIED!

HEY-- DINKLEY! A HAND, PLEASE?

GET HER RUNNING, SHAGGY!

I'M ON IT, DOC!

YOU DO REALIZE THAT, BY DISCHARGING YOUR WEAPON, YOU'VE PROBABLY SUMMONED EVERY ONE OF THOSE THINGS?

HEY--DON'T BLAME ME, BLAME THE JACKASS WHO WENT BACK FOR BEEFIOLI!

WITH THIS RING... I THEE--

SHUT UP, FRED!

HE'S IN!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, SHAGGY!

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS, KIDS--

--IT'S GONNA BE A BUMPY RIDE!

SKREEEE

I'M AFRAID THE MYSTERY MACHINE'S DESIGNER, *DOCTOR KREBS*, NEGLECTED TO INSTALL SEAT BELTS.

I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY, DOC.

EXIT SLOWLY

OH.

HOW'S THE FREDSTER?

HE'S BEEN QUITE THE TROUPER. HASN'T LET OUT SO MUCH AS A WHIMPER.

ARE WE... IN THE CLEAR?

UH-HUH.

AND THOSE MONSTERS... CAN'T HEAR US?

NOPE.

GOOD.

GARNEY'S DELI

EEEK

AAAA

SO...?

I DID THE BEST I COULD, BUT IT'S A SERIOUS BREAK. IN MULTIPLE PLACES.

ADD TO THAT THE FACT THAT SOME BONE PIERCED THE SKIN AND--

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT INFECTION.

EXTREMELY.

THEN WHAT DO WE DO?

IN ORDER TO TREAT HIM PROPERLY, I NEED THE RIGHT TOOLS. THE RIGHT DRUGS.

THEN WE'VE GOT TO FIND A DOCTOR'S OFFICE OR, BETTER YET, A HOSPITAL.

YOU MEAN LIKE THAT ONE?

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE FINALLY BREAKING OUR WAY.

HEY!

NO PUN INTENDED, FRED.

SO WE JUST GO MARCHIN' IN THERE? WHOLE PLACE COULD BE CRAWLIN' WITH BEASTIES.

PERHAPS THE *NANITE CONTAGION* HASN'T REACHED THIS AREA YET.

YOU BELIEVE THAT?

NOT IN THE LEAST. BUT WE HAVE TO HELP FRED, NO MATTER THE COST.

SO WE RISK EVERYTHING FOR FRED--BUT LEAVE SCOOBY BEHIND T'DIE?

GUESS *HUMAN* LIVES MATTER--BUT DOGS *DON'T.*

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT HOSPITAL--BUT WE KNEW, ALL TOO WELL, WHAT WAS BACK THERE.

IF WE'D ATTEMPTED TO AID SCOOBY, WE WOULD HAVE *ALL* BEEN SLAUGHTERED.

BUT DON'T GIVE UP ON HIM YET.

WHADDAYOU MEAN?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT SCOOBY-DOO'S IMPLANTS ARE KEYED TO THE TECH IN MY GLASSES?

IF HE'S ESCAPED THOSE CREATURES, HE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE GLOBAL NAVIGATION SIGNAL AND TRACK US HERE.

THAT'S A BIG *"IF."*

I HAVE GREAT FAITH IN OUR CANINE FRIEND.

YEAH--

--ME, TOO.

SIGH I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON SCOOB. POOR GUY WAS BEING BULLIED BY *SCRAPPY* AND THOSE OTHER SMA--

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SHAGGY--

--THIS IS NO TIME FOR NOSTALGIA. OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS TO HELP FRED.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DAPH. SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?

GET HIM TO THAT HOSPITAL--

ST. BERNARD'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

...NO...

PLEASE.

I-I'M *BEGGING* YOU! I CAN'T *TAKE* ANY MORE!

THERE, THERE... JUST A TINY PINCH. IT WILL HARDLY HURT AT ALL.

NO. *NO!*

NNNOOOOOOOOO!

"--AND PRAY THERE ARE NO SURPRISES WAITING FOR US INSIDE."

AB
Rh POSITIVE
RED BLOOD CELLS
AB
Rh POSITIVE

AB
Rh POSITIVE
AB
Rh POSITIVE

NEVADA...

LIFT HIM A LITTLE HIGHER, *SHAGGY.*

SURE THING, *DAPH.*

ARE YOU IN PAIN, *FRED?*

HE JUST LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN, *VELMA.* DOES *THAT* ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

I-I'M SORRY. I'M SO CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT COULD BE WAITING FOR US INSIDE THIS HOSPITAL THAT I'M NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.

MONSTERS OR NO MONSTERS-- WE'VE GOTTA GET THE FREDSTER FIXED UP BEFORE THAT BUSTED LEG BECOMES INFECTED.

AND IF WE DIE IN THE PROCESS?

WOULD YOU RATHER WE ABANDONED FRED THE WAY WE ABANDONED *SCOOBY* BACK AT THE *MALL-MART?*

THE DOCTOR WILL ~~SEE~~ KILL YOU NOW!

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DEMATTEIS: THE SAMMY PETRILLO & DUKE MITCHELL OF COMIC BOOKS,*
WELCOME GUEST ARTISTS **DALE EAGLESHAM, RON WAGNER,** AND **INKERS MARC DEERING & JOSE MARZÁN JR.** ABOARD THE MYSTERY MACHINE!

HI-FI: COLOR **TRAVIS LANHAM:** LETTERS **HOWARD PORTER** AND **HI-FI:** MAIN COVER
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS: SAVIOR AND PROTECTOR

*TOO OBSCURE?

SCOOBY-DOO MADE A CHOICE TO STAY BEHIND AND ENGAGE THOSE CREATURES--AND SAVED OUR LIVES IN THE PROCESS.

BUT WE, LIKE, SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM! WE--

WHY ARE YOU SO UPSET? HIS *SMART-DOG TECHNOLOGY* ALLOWED HIM TO TRACK THE GPS SIGNAL IN MY GLASSES AND LOCATE US.

HE'S WITH US. SAFE AND SOUND.

YEAH--BUT HE COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BEEN BUTCHERED BY THOSE BEASTIES AND--

I'D WORRY LESS ABOUT WHAT *COULD* HAVE HAPPENED BACK THERE AND MORE ABOUT WHAT DID HAPPEN HERE.

THIS PLACE IS A SHAMBLES--

--AND THAT DOES NOT BODE WELL.

LET'S JUST GET HIM IN A DAMN BED AND HOPE WE CAN FIND THE RIGHT MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE. THERE COULD BE MUTATED CREATURES LURKING IN EVERY CORRIDOR.

OH, I'M SURE I'VE MISSED ONE OR TWO.

SCOOB-- YOU OKAY STANDIN' GUARD WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF THE FREDSTER?

RUH-*HUH.*

FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, YOU COME GET US. NO HEROICS, Y'HEAR?

R-ROKAY!

THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD, ISN'T IT, SINCE YOUR NANITES TRANSFORMED MOST OF THE POPULATION INTO THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT?

YOU NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BLAME ME, DO YOU?

IS IT JUST ME-- OR DOES MY LITTLE BUDDY SEEM KINDA JUMPY?

THE POOR THING IS SCARED TO DEATH. AND CONSIDERING WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH...WHAT WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH--

--THAT'S AN APPROPRIATE RESPONSE. IN FACT, I--

DAPH...? DAPH...WHERE ARE WE?

YOU'RE IN A HOSPITAL, FRED. AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

BUT IT *HURTS*, DAPH. THE PAIN IS--

...THE PAIN...

HE'S OUT AGAIN.

WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS DONE AND QUICKLY.

GET WHAT DONE, EXACTLY?

FOR A STARTER, WE'LL HAVE TO SET THE BREAK.

"SET THE BREAK"?

SHOULDN'T WE, LIKE, GIVE HIM SOME PAINKILLERS FIRST?

NO. WE'VE GOT TO DO IT NOW. THEN WE'LL SEARCH FOR MEDS TO FIGHT INFECTION.

NOW I'LL NEED YOU TO HOLD HIM DOWN, SHAGGY, AND THEN--

I GOTTA WARN YOU, DOC: I, *UH*, REALLY DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR HOSPITAL STUFF.

TRUTH IS, I ONCE HURLED WATCHIN' AN EPISODE OF *GREY'S ANATOMY*.

WAIT. YOU'VE BEEN BLASTING MONSTERS TO BLOODY PIECES BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR *THIS*?

THIS IS DIFFERENT. MORE...REAL SOMEHOW. I JUST--

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF *GOD!* I'LL DO IT!

YOU GO COWER IN THE CORRIDOR WITH SCOOBY!

SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN!

ACTUALLY, I'D LIKE YOU AND SCOOBY-DOO TO GATHER THOSE MEDICAL SUPPLIES. JUST SEARCH THROUGH DRAWERS AND CABINETS--

--AND I'LL SORT THROUGH IT ALL WHEN YOU GET BACK.

NO PROBLEM, DOC.

"NO PROBLEM"? YOU'D RATHER GO OUT THERE AND FACE THE POSSIBILITY OF ENCOUNTERING MORE MONSTERS THAN STAY HERE AND--

WATCH FRED SHRIEK IN AGONY WHILE YOU SNAP HIS LEG LIKE A TWIG? YOU BETCHA!

NOW WHERE SHOULD WE START...?

OKAY, DAPHNE: ON THE COUNT OF THREE.

LOOKS LIKE A SUPPLY CLOSET DOWN THE HALL. GUESS WE SHOULD HEAD OVER THERE.

ONE... TWO--

THREE!

SNAP!

AAAGGGHH--!!

RIKES!

YOU SAID IT, BUDDY: THAT SOUNDED *WORSE* THAN *GREY'S ANATOMY!*

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS THAT TIME THOSE TWO GUYS WERE IMPALED ON THE SAME METAL POLE AND--

FOCUS... RIGHT.

OKAY...LET'S FIND US SOME DRUGS FOR THE FREDSTER.

AN' SINCE I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR, WE'D BETTER BRING IT ALL TO THE DOC.

ROCUS, RAGGY! ROCUS!

RUH-ROH.

YEAH. LOOKS LIKE A TORNADO CAME THROUGH HERE. BUT THERE'S ENOUGH STUFF THAT'S STILL IN ONE PIECE.

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A BOX SOMEWHERE, THEN WE CAN GO FROM ROOM T'ROOM AN' GRAB EVERYTHING WE CAN.

THIS WAY WE CAN STOCKPILE ENOUGH T'KEEP US GOIN' FOR MONTHS. Y'KNOW--

--IF WE LIVE THAT LONG.

RIF...?

SORRY, BUDDY. DIDN'T MEAN T'BE A DOWNER.

TRUTH IS, I REALLY BELIEVE WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH THIS AWFUL MESS.

I'VE HAD SOME BAD STUFF HAPPEN T'ME IN MY LIFE, BUT I'VE ALWAYS KEPT TRUSTIN' IN THE UNIVERSE--

--AN' IT'S ALWAYS COME THROUGH FOR ME.

REALLY?

YEP. YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE FAITH, BUDDY. NOT JUST IN THE FACT THAT A *HIGHER POWER'S* LOOKIN' OUT FOR US--

--BUT FAITH IN *EACH OTHER.*

AN' THERE'S NOBODY I'VE GOT MORE FAITH IN THAN YOU. I KNOW IT'S KINDA WEIRD, BUT, IN A LOTTA WAYS, YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND I EVER--

EEEYAHHHHH!!

SHAGGY! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DID YOU SCREAM?

ME? I THOUGHT IT WAS FRED AGAIN!

BUT IF IT WASN'T FRED AND IT WASN'T YOU--

THEN WE'RE NOT ALONE IN HERE. THE BEASTIES--

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT.

NO. THAT WAS A HUMAN BEING. IN TERRIBLE PAIN.

OR A MONSTER THAT CAN *MIMIC* THE SOUND OF A HUMAN BEING IN TERRIBLE PAIN.

ONE THING WE'VE LEARNED IS THAT THESE CREATURES ARE TRICKY. LIKE THE ONE THAT MADE YOU 'N' FRED THINK IT WAS A SWEET LITTLE GIRL--

--AN' THEN TRIED *T'EAT* YOU!

BESIDES--WE'RE THE ONLY ONES THAT MADE IT THROUGH THE PLAGUE. EVERYONE ELSE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED.

WHAT?

NOT ACCORDING TO DINKLEY.

BACK AT THE MALL-MART, VELMA AND I FOUND A DEAD BODY. A HUMAN ONE.

HUMAN? HOW?

I'M NOT SURE. BUT SHE PULLED A PACEMAKER OUT OF IT--

PULLED IT OUT? Y'MEAN WITH HER BARE HANDS?

UH-HUH. SHE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN... THINGS GOT TOO CRAZY--

--BUT I GOT THE FEELING THERE WAS A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PACEMAKER--

--AND THE FACT THAT PERSON HADN'T BEEN MUTATED BY THE NANITES.

WHAT KINDA CONNECTION?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT IF THERE'S EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE THAT WHAT WE HEARD *WAS* ANOTHER SURVIVOR AND THAT THEY'RE--

NO! NOOO!!

YAAAAAAHHHH!!

THAT DOES IT! WHOEVER THAT IS, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM AND--

NO. *FIRST* WE BRING THE DOC THE MEDS THAT FRED NEEDS. THEN WE GET THEM BOTH OUTTA HERE AND INTO THE *MYSTERY MACHINE*--

--AN' *THEN* WE CAN START SEARCHIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S *DO* IT!

WAIT A MINUTE. DID I JUST VOLUNTEER US TO--?

RUH-*HUH.*

WOW.

"*THAT* WAS DUMB."

I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT FRED HAS BEEN INJURED. IF *YOU TWO* ARE HURT THEN--

THEN POOR LITTLE VELMA'S STUCK TRYING TO FEND FOR HERSELF IN A NIGHTMARE OF HER OWN MAKING?

VERY CRUEL, DAPHNE. EVEN FOR YOU.

SORRY, DOC. I KNOW YOU'RE JUST WORRIED ABOUT US.

GUESS *I'M* WORRIED, TOO.

THEN WHY DO IT?

LOOK, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME WE MAY NOT BE THE ONLY SURVIVORS--

THAT'S JUST A THEORY!

AND WHAT *IS* THAT THEORY EXACTLY?

I'M STILL WORKING ON IT. BUT THERE'S THE POSSIBILITY THAT PEOPLE WITH IMPLANTED TECH--LIKE THE PACEMAKER I REMOVED FROM THAT MAN--

MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED THE NANITE PLAGUE INTACT?

BUT YOU CAN'T RISK YOUR LIVES FOR AN UNPROVEN THEORY!

AND IF YOU'RE RIGHT AND THERE ARE SURVIVORS IN THAT HOSPITAL THAT NEED OUR HELP?

WOULD YOU JUST TURN YOUR BACK AND WALK AWAY?

I WOULD!

W-WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HORRORS ARE WAITING FOR YOU IN THERE! THIS WHOLE THING COULD BE A TRAP--

--AND I'M N-NOT LETTING YOU GO!

PLEASE, FREDDY. YOU CAN HARDLY STAND. THE SHAPE YOU'RE IN, YOU COULDN'T STOP A GNAT.

BUT--

NOW GET IN THE VAN AND REST.

BUT--

JUST DO IT, FRED. YOU KNOW SHE'S NOT GONNA CHANGE HER MIND.

IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES--

--YOU CAN FORWARD ALL MY MAIL TO HELL.

I'M FINE.

Y'KNOW, ASIDE FROM THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN AND THE FACT THAT I FEEL LIKE I COULD FAINT AND VOMIT AT THE SAME TIME.

LOVELY.

WELL, *THAT'S* REASSURING.

WE SHOULD GO WITH THEM.

NO. DAPHNE'S RIGHT--

FOR ONCE.

YOU NEED TO GET INSIDE THAT VAN AND REST. I'M STILL CONCERNED ABOUT INFECTION AND--

AREN'T *YOU* WORRIED ABOUT THEM?

OF COURSE I AM. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, I *DO* HAVE FEELINGS.

AND, MUCH TO MY ASTONISHMENT, I'VE GROWN RATHER ATTACHED TO ALL OF YOU--

--IN A PECULIAR, AND PROFOUNDLY DISTURBING, WAY.

GENCY

YOU DON'T--

YOU DON'T THINK THEY'RE GONNA DIE, DO YOU?

THEY'RE *NOT* GOING TO DIE, FRED.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE?

SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO HAVE FAITH.

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU, DOC.

TRUE. I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT PEOPLE OF FAITH WERE FOOLS WHO BELIEVED IN IMPOSSIBLE FAIRY TALES.

BUT WHEN THE *ENTIRE WORLD* HAS BECOME A CONSTANT SERIES OF IMPOSSIBILITIES--

"WELL, A LITTLE FOOLISHNESS JUST MIGHT COME IN HANDY."

BE VERY, VERY QUIET.

WHY? ARE WE HUNTING WABBITS?

WHAT?
JUST A LITTLE JOKE.
THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES.
ACTUALLY, THIS IS THE *PERFECT* TIME FOR JOKES.
IF I REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT WE'RE DOIN', I'D BE RUNNIN' FOR THE EXIT RIGHT NOW.
HUH?
THAT'S WHAT I ADMIRE ABOUT YOU, SHAGGY.
YOU'RE TERRIFIED. I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR YOUR KNEES KNOCKING.
AND YOU ADMIRE THAT?
I ADMIRE THE FACT THAT--DESPITE YOUR FEAR--YOU'RE RIGHT HERE BESIDE ME. AND I KNOW YOU WON'T LET ME DOWN.
THAT, TO ME, IS TRUE COURAGE.
AREN'T *YOU* AFRAID?
MAYBE A LITTLE.
BUT I'VE ALWAYS HAD A RECKLESS STREAK. GOT IT FROM MY FATHER.
HE TOOK ME SKYDIVING WHEN I WAS ONLY EIGHT. SCALED EVEREST WITH HIM WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN.
NO KIDDIN'?
I WAS DETERMINED TO IMPRESS HIM. TO BE JUST LIKE HIM. SO I STUFFED MY FEARS DOWN SO DEEP--
--THAT SOMETIMES I CAN'T EVEN FIND THEM.
DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT--
--THERE...!
ZOINKS!
A HUMAN BEING. NOT A MONSTER. WHICH MEANS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
BUT WHAT IF THAT'S ALL THAT'S HERE? JUST... REMAINS.
QUIET!
B-BUT THAT...THAT DISGUSTING MESS ON THE BED! THAT WAS ONCE--
EXIT
YOU HEARD THAT SCREAM. THERE *ARE* SURVIVORS IN HERE. I KNOW IT.

AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM AND GET THEM OUT.

BUT WHAT IF WHATEVER DID THAT FINDS *US* FIRST?

YOU WANNA RUN? RUN.

AN' LEAVE YOU ALONE HERE? NO WAY.

RO RAY!

THEN LET'S HEAD UPSTAIRS AND CHECK THE WARDS.

WHY NOT THE ELEVATOR?

YOU WANT TO BE IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE IF SOME MONSTROSITY ATTACKS US?

GOOD PO!--

YAAARGHH--!

I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

WITH GOOD REASON.

IT'S...IT'S LIKE A *SLAUGHTERHOUSE* IN HERE.

DAPH--WE'VE GOTTA GO! *NOW!* AN' IF THAT, LIKE, MAKES ME A COWARD, THEN SO BE IT!

NO, I'M *WITH* YOU ON THIS ONE.

THERE ARE CLEARLY CREATURES IN THIS HOSPITAL--MORE SAVAGE, MORE POWERFUL, THAN ANYTHING WE'VE FACED SO FAR.

AND I'M NOT SURE *DOCTOR KREBS'* EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS WILL BE ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM OUT.

BEST BET IS TO HEAD BACK TO VELMA AND FRED. COME UP WITH A STRATEGY TO--

...GRROANN...

HEY! YOU'RE GOIN' THE WRONG WAY!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT?

UH... MAYBE?

THAT'S A HUMAN BEING. IN AGONY. AND WE'VE GOT TO HELP.

:SIGH: I WISH YOU'D STOP BEIN' RIGHT ALL THE TIME.

READY?

NO.

BUT LET'S DO IT ANYWAY.

SLAM

I'M *TERRIBLY* SORRY--

--BUT NO ONE IS ADMITTED WITHOUT AN *APPOINTMENT.*

...KILL ME...

...KILL ME *PLEASE*...

KILL YOU?

MY DEAR BOY, WHY WOULD I DO THAT?

I'M A PHYSICIAN. I SWORE AN OATH NEVER TO INJURE OR DO HARM.

"NEVER TO INJURE"? YOU'VE BEEN TORTURING HIM! AND *GOD ONLY KNOWS* WHAT YOU DID TO THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE!

NOW BACK AWAY, YOU SICK LUNATIC-- OR I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT *REAL* PAIN IS!

YOU SEEM UPSET, YOUNG LADY. PERHAPS YOU'VE SUFFERED SOME FORM OF TRAUMATIC SHOCK?

TAKE A SEAT OUTSIDE AND I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

THAT...*THING* REALLY BELIEVES IT'S A DOCTOR!

OF COURSE I'M A DOCTOR. NOW PLEASE, YOUNG LADY, PUT THE GUN DOWN--

--AND LET ME HELP YOU.

THE WAY YOU HELPED ALL THE OTHERS?

OH, I DIDN'T DO IT ALL ALONE. HERE AT *ST. BERNARD'S* WE'VE GOT A LARGE STAFF OF SEASONED PROFESSIONALS.

THERE ARE *MORE* OF THEM? DAPH, WE'VE GOTTA--

NO!

WE'RE NOT LETTING *DR. MOREAU* OVER THERE TORTURE ONE MORE HELPLESS SOUL!

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOUNG LADY. IT SOMETIMES REQUIRES PAIN TO HEAL PAIN.

AGONY IS OFTEN THE SWIFTEST ROAD TO BLISS. AND DEATH--

--CAN BE THE DOORWAY TO ETERNAL LIFE.

H-HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!

I THINK THAT'S ALREADY BEEN WELL ESTABLISHED!

NOW IF YOU'LL JUST LIE STILL, DEAR BOY, I'LL BEGIN THE SURGERY.

"BEGIN"?

OH, YES. EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE 'TIL NOW--

"--WAS JUST PREPARATION."

...WELL, AT LEAST I WAS ABLE TO FIND A FUNCTIONING LAPTOP IN ONE OF THE OFFICES.

NOW I CAN RESUME MY ATTEMPTS TO GAIN ACCESS TO *THE COMPLEX'S* SERVERS.

SHOULDN'T WE GO BACK IN AND SEE IF THEY'RE OKAY?

SHOULDN'T *YOU* BE RESTING?

HOW CAN I REST WHEN DAPH, SHAGGY, AND SCOOBY ARE IN DANGER?

IF THERE WAS TROUBLE, WE WOULD HAVE HEARD DAPHNE'S WEAPON DISCHARGE.

MAYBE. I DUNNO.

BUT I CAN'T JUST WAIT AROUND LIKE THIS! I'M GOING IN!

YOU TAKE ONE MORE STEP TOWARD THAT HOSPITAL AND I'LL BREAK YOUR *OTHER* LEG.

EXCUSE ME?

MY APOLOGIES, FRED. I'M JUST CONCERNED ABOUT YOU.

AND, HONESTLY, I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING CONCERNED ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.

IT'S OKAY, DOC. AND YOU'RE RIGHT: I STILL FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN RUN OVER BY A TANK. IF THERE WAS TROUBLE, I'D DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

SO, *UH*, ARE YOU ANY CLOSER TO MAKING CONTACT?

THE MAIN COMPLEX--THE ONE WHERE SHAGGY AND I WORKED--IS DOWN. GIVEN WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND THERE WHEN WE FLED--

--I SUSPECT THE PLACE IS IN RUINS.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER SUB-STATIONS ACROSS THE COUNTRY--AND ACROSS THE WORLD.

IF I CAN CONTACT ANY SURVIVORS, FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO CORRUPT THE *NANITE DISPERSAL*--

IF THIS CONTAGION IS WORLDWIDE, ISN'T THERE A GOOD CHANCE THAT THOSE SUBSTATIONS WENT DOWN, TOO?

THE FOUR WERE NOTHING IF NOT WELL PREPARED. I THINK THEY'RE ALIVE OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE.

AND THEY MAY BE THE ONLY ONES THAT CAN HELP US.

"THE FOUR"? THEY'RE THE GROUP THAT RAN THE WHOLE SHOW, RIGHT? STARTED THE COMPLEX? HIRED YOU?

YES.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THEM?

WELL ENOUGH. WHY DO YOU ASK?

JUST WONDERING IF WE CAN EVEN TRUST THEM. I MEAN, ISN'T THERE A CHANCE THAT THEY *WANTED* THIS MONSTER PLAGUE TO HAPPEN? THAT THEY *ENGINEERED* IT IN THE FIRST--

BA BOOOOM

DAPHNE!

SO MUCH FOR NOT HEARING HER WEAPON DISCHARGE.

FRED-- CAN YOU GET THE *MYSTERY MACHINE* STARTED?

ONCE I HOBBLE IN THERE, SURE.

GOOD. BECAUSE I SUSPECT WE'LL SOON BE DOING WHAT WE DO BEST.

AND WHAT'S THAT?

"RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES!"

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

HOW THE HELL IS HE STILL STANDING?

HE'S NOT HUMAN... REMEMBER?

OH. RIGHT.

CODE SILVER! CODE SILVER!

WHAT'S "CODE SILVER"?

MEANS THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE HOSPITAL WITH A WEAPON.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

RUMMMMMMMMM

GREY'S ANATOMY! THERE WAS THIS EPISODE WHERE--

HEY!

THE WHOLE ROOM'S ROCKIN'!

NOTICED THAT, DID YOU?

MONSTERS! FIENDS!

US?

I'LL HAVE TO CALL AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE STAFF! BUT FIRST--

GEKKLUMPPFFF

AM I CRAZY OR DID THE BED JUST...*EAT THAT MAN?*

IF YOU'RE CRAZY, DAPH, SO AM I--'CAUSE I SAW IT, TOO!

--I MUST PROTECT MY PATIENT FROM YOU!

OH GOD! IT HURTS! IT HURTS!

MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT--

WE'VE GOTTA GO! *NOW!*

DR. BROWN REPORT TO SURGERY!
WH-WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT *IS* THIS?
MASSIVE HEMATOMA!
SCALPEL, NURSE!
THE WHOLE DAMN HOSPITAL--
CRASH CART! STAT!
"--IS COMING TO *LIFE!*"
...GET BACK IN THE VAN, FRED.
NO! IF DAPH NEEDS ME--
YOU'LL BE USELESS! YOU SAID IT YOURSELF!
NOW *GET IN THE VAN!*
SO WE JUST DRIVE ON OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE OUR FRIENDS TO DIE?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT!
THEN WHAT DO WE DO?
"I DON'T KNOW!"
RUH-ROH!
THE DOORS ARE SEALING THEMSELVES SHUT!
LET US HELP YOU, DEAR.
YOU LOOK TIRED.
I THINK A BLOOD TRANSFUSION IS IN ORDER.
DAPH--THERE! *WINDOWS!*
OH MY *GOD.*
IT'S LIKE WE'RE INSIDE SOME KIND OF MASSIVE... DIGESTIVE TRACT!
THEN WE'VE GOTTA *JUMP!*
BUT THEY'RE ALREADY CHANGING INTO--
NUH-UH.

YOU HEARD ME, BUDDY! I SAID--

OH NO.

ROW WHAT?

THE WINDOW'S STUCK! I CAN'T GET IT OPEN!

JUST BACK THE HELL AWAY--

--AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF IT.

"VELMA-- NO!

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE ALONE!

THOSE PEOPLE ARE MY FRIENDS--

WELL, PERHAPS CLOSE ACQUAINTANCES WOULD BE A MORE ACCURATE WAY TO PUT IT.

--AND I CAN'T STAND IDLY BY WHILE THEIR LIVES ARE IN PER--

KRAK-KOOOOMM

EMER

JUMPING OUT A WINDOW? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

DO YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THAT IS? YOU COULD HAVE--

EME

BROKEN MY LEG?

TOUCHÉ!

HELP SCOOBY DOWN, WILL YOU--THE POOR GUY'S SCARED STIFF.

WHAT ABOUT ME?

EMER

YOU'RE A BIG BOY! YOU CAN GET YOURSELF DOWN!
NOW C'MON-- WE'VE GOTTA MAKE TRACKS BEFORE THE HOSPITAL DEVOURS US!
SURE THING! LET'S GET IN--
WAIT. WHAT?
THE HOSPITAL! IT'S ALIVE AND--
UH... DAPHNE?
WHAT?
ASIDE FROM THAT WINDOW YOU SHOT OUT-- EVERYTHING LOOKS NORMAL.
THAT CAN'T BE!
WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU SEE WHILE YOU WERE IN THERE?
THERE WAS THIS DOCTOR... ONLY HE WASN'T *REALLY* A DOCTOR, HE...NO, IT...JUST THOUGHT IT WAS.
THE DOCTOR-THING WAS TORTURING PEOPLE... DISMEMBERING THEM. AND THEN, AFTER I SHOT IT--
YOU SHOT A DOCTOR?
IT WASN'T A DOCTOR!
AND WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE BUILDING BEING ALIVE?
I'M NOT SURE IF THE *DOCTOR'S* CONSCIOUSNESS WAS INSIDE THE HOSPITAL--
--OR THE *HOSPITAL'S* CONSCIOUSNESS WAS INSIDE THE DOCTOR, BUT--
BUT THERE WAS NO INDICATION OF THAT FROM OUT HERE.
I KNOW WHAT I SAW! WHAT *WE* SAW! RIGHT, SCOOBY?
RIGHT!
IT WAS *MAJORLY* WEIRD, VELM--

"--EVEN FOR US!"

...PERHAPS THIS DOCTOR-THING SURREPTITIOUSLY DOSED YOU WITH SOME KIND OF HALLUCINOGENIC AGENT--

--WHICH MADE YOU *THINK* THE HOSPITAL CAME TO LIFE.

OR MAYBE THOSE NANITES OF YOURS ARE MORE DANGEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE THAN WE REALIZED.

THE NANITES DON'T WORK THAT WAY. I JUST DON'T SEE HOW SUCH A THING COULD BE POSSIBLE.

AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO SAID THE ***ENTIRE WORLD*** HAS BECOME A CONSTANT SERIES OF IMPOSSIBILITIES?

THEN YOU BELIEVE IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED?

AND YOU DON'T?

WE'RE ALL UNDER TREMENDOUS STRESS AND-- CONSIDERING WHAT YOU WITNESSED IN THERE, THE HEARTLESS SLAUGHTER-- I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF--

IF THE THREE OF US HAD A SHARED HALLUCINATION?

NO WAY, DOC. WE KNOW WHAT WE SAW.

IT WAS LIKE EVERYONE WHO WORKED IN THERE WAS... ***MELTED*** INTO THE PLACE. LIKE THEY'D ALL BECOME SOME KINDA HIVE-MIND AND--

SIGH MAN, IT JUST KEEPS GETTIN' WORSE, DOESN'T IT?

DON'T LOSE HOPE, SHAGGY.

NOW THAT I'VE GOT A WORKING LAPTOP, I PROMISE YOU: WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE.

UH... VELMA...?

WHAT DID I DO NOW?

NO, NO--I WANTED TO THANK YOU.

FOR WHAT?

FRED TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING BACK INTO THE HOSPITAL TO FIND US.

THAT WAS... THAT WAS INCREDIBLY BRAVE.

YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.

I... AH... I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I... THAT ALL OF US... APPRECIATE IT.

I KNOW THAT LOOK, DAPH. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BOTHERING YOU.

THAT MAN WE SAW... ***EATEN*** BY HIS BED. HOW DO WE KNOW THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD?

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT THERE WEREN'T MORE LIKE HIM IN THERE?

YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU WANT TO GO BACK...?

NO. WE CAN'T RISK IT. BUT THAT PLACE IS GOING TO HAUNT ME--

--FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

WHICH IS WHY WE NEED YOU TO STEP UP YOUR GAME, DINKLEY. USE THAT DAMN LAPTOP AND HACK THE COMPLEX'S SERVERS.

WE NEED ANSWERS AND WE NEED THEM ***NOW!***

BELIEVE ME, I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO "THANK YOU, VELMA"?

THAT SHIP HAS SAILED.

BUT I ***LIKED*** THAT SHIP!

WELL, DO ***BETTER!***

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA...

IT'S TOO QUIET OUT THERE.

4912

BEFORE THE STORM

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WOULD YOU RATHER THE HOUSE WAS SURROUNDED BY HORDES OF FROTHING MONSTERS?

NO, *FRED*--BUT YA GOTTA ADMIT IT'S WEIRD HOW THIS ENTIRE TOWN'S COMPLETELY DESERTED--LIKE EVERYONE JUST VANISHED IN A PUFF OF SMOKE.

GIVEN HOW MUCH WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE WAYS THE *NANITE PLAGUE* AFFECTS PEOPLE... MAYBE THEY *DID!*

WELL, *THAT'S* A MAJORLY CREEPY THOUGHT.

STILL SAY IT BEATS MONSTERS TRYING TO TEAR OUT OUR ORGANS.

TRUE.

LOOK, *SHAGGY*--SINCE THINGS WENT HAYWIRE BACK AT *THE COMPLEX,* WE'VE BEEN ON THE RUN, FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE, AT LEAST WE FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO GET SOME REST AND THINK THINGS THROUGH A LITTLE.

SO HOW COME I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT?

BECAUSE YOU DRANK TEN CUPS OF COFFEE AND ATE SEVEN SANDWICHES?

I'LL SAY *ONE* THING FOR WHOEVER LIVED IN THIS PLACE--THEY SURE KNEW HOW T'STOCK A FRIDGE!

BUT, LIKE, I DON'T THINK I COULD'VE SLEPT ANYWAY. I KEPT WAITIN' FOR THE HOUSE TO COME ALIVE AN' TRY *T'EAT* US--

--THE WAY THAT CRAZY *HOSPITAL* DID A FEW DAYS AGO.

=YAWWWWN= GIVES NEW MEANING TO THE PHRASE "FAT AS A HOUSE," DOESN'T IT?

NOT FUNNY, *DAPHNE.*

I THOUGHT IT WAS MILDLY AMUSING.

YOU'RE IN GOOD SPIRITS.

I SLEPT FOR ALMOST TEN HOURS. I FEEL FANTASTIC.

HOW ABOUT YOU? HOW'S THE LEG?

IT HASN'T FALLEN OFF OR ANYTHING, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.

GIVE IT TIME, FREDDY. YOU'LL HEAL.

BUT UNTIL I DO I'M JUST DEAD WEIGHT.

YEAH, DUDE-- BUT YOU'RE *OUR* DEAD WEIGHT.

NO! I'M A BURDEN TO YOU ALL! A DANGER! IF WE'RE ATTACKED AGAIN, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN--

SHUT UP, FRED--OR I'LL BREAK THE *OTHER* LEG.

NOT NICE.

BUT TRUE NONETHELESS.

WHERE'S *VELMA?* STILL SLEEPING?

NOPE. SHE'S BEEN UP FOR HOURS, BANGIN' AWAY ON THAT LAPTOP SHE FOUND UPSTAIRS--

--TRYIN' T'HACK THE COMPLEX'S SERVERS.

IF SHE'S SUCH A DAMN GENIUS, WHY IS IT TAKING SO LONG?

STILL DON'T TRUST HER, DO YOU?

GIVEN OUR SITUATION, SOME DAYS I'M NOT SURE I TRUST *ANY* OF YOU.

EXCEPT FOR *SCOOBY.*

RANKS!

SO THIS IS DAPHNE IN A *GOOD* MOOD?

SHE'S NEVER BEEN THE MOST TRUSTING PERSON. THAT'S WHAT MAKES HER SUCH A GREAT JOURNALIST.

DAPH REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE "OFFICIAL" VERSION OF ANY STORY. JUST KEEPS DIGGING AND DIGGING TILL SHE GETS TO THE TRUTH.

YEAH, BUT THE THINGS THAT MAKE A GREAT JOURNALIST--

--DON'T NECESSARILY MAKE A GREAT *FRIEND.*

I ADMIT SHE CAN BE A LITTLE DIFFICULT--

"A LITTLE"?

--BUT BENEATH THAT HARD EXTERIOR LIES--

A HARDER INTERIOR?

I WAS GONNA SAY A *REALLY BIG HEART.* DAPHNE'S THE KIND OF WOMAN WHO'LL GO TO THE WALL FOR THE PEOPLE SHE CARES ABOUT.

YEAH, I KNOW. I'VE SEEN HER IN ACTION AND--

WHOA!

WHAT?

NOTHIN'. THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE OUT THERE, BUT IT WAS JUST A SQUIRREL JUMPIN' AROUND.

SO WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS: IF THE SQUIRRELS ARE STILL HERE--

"--WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE?"

TIC-TICCA-TIC-TICCA-TIC-TIC

TIC-TICCA-TIC-TICCA-TIC-TIC

PROJECT: ELYSIUM
CLASSIFIED DATABASE
PASSWORD ACCEPTED
ACCESS GRANTED

TIC-TICCA-TICCA-TIC-TIC

BLAARGHH

THOSE ARROGANT
IRRESPONSIBLE
DECEITFUL
SELF-RIGHTEOUS

BASTARDS!

BUT THE TRUTH IS...I HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME...BUT MYSELF.

IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, *NONE* OF THIS WOULD HAVE EVER--

HEY, *VELMA!* I'M MAKIN' *SPAM, CHEESE, SPINACH AN' ANCHOVY* OMELETS!

YOU *WANT* ONE?

BLAARGHH

...MAN, AM I GLAD WE GOT OUTTA THAT HOUSE AND OUTTA THAT CREEPY TOWN!

ALL THE QUIET WAS MAKIN' ME A NERVOUS WRECK.

I JUST COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS GONNA JUMP OUT OF THE SHADOWS AN' GOBBLE ME UP!

WELL, CONSIDERING YOU AND SCOOBY CONSUMED EVERY LAST CRUMB IN THAT HOUSE, YOU WOULD HAVE MADE A *VERY* NOURISHING MEAL.

WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA

DEWON

FOOD SMART

THANKS, DAPH.

THAT *WASN'T* A COMPLIMENT!

I KNEW THAT.

SPEAKING OF FOOD--WE SHOULD STOP HERE, GAS UP AND GRAB WHATEVER SUPPLIES WE CAN FIND.

AND *THEN* WHAT, FRED?

WHADDAYOU MEAN?

WE MADE IT TO CALIFORNIA. WHAT DO WE DO NOW? HEAD FOR THE COAST AND SPEND HUMANITY'S LAST DAYS SURFING?

WE DO WHAT WE'VE DONE SO FAR. WE *SURVIVE.*

AND ONCE VELMA GETS ACCESS TO THOSE SERVERS--

YOU THINK THE GENIUS HERE IS GOING TO UNCOVER SOME MAGIC KEY THAT WILL MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER?

AN' WHY NOT? THE DOC *IS* A GENIUS. NO TELLIN' WHAT SHE CAN COME UP WITH!

IT WAS GENIUSES LIKE DINKLEY THAT GOT US INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

HEY, *SHE* DIDN'T DO IT! JUST 'CAUSE VELMA WORKED AT THE COMPLEX DOESN'T MEAN--

PLEASE! LET'S NOT GET INTO *THAT* ARGUMENT AGAIN.

I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.

WHAT SAY WE SPREAD OUT, GRAB WHAT WE CAN, AND MOVE ON. THIS TOWN LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE TURNED IT INSIDE OUT, WHICH MEANS--

--THERE COULD BE, LIKE, MORE BEASTIES AROUND.

RIGHT.

AND I DO *NOT* WANT TO BE HERE COME NIGHTFALL.

NO ONE WANDERS OFF ALONE. BUDDY SYSTEM!

DINKLEY-- YOU'RE WITH ME!

SINCE WHEN AM I YOUR BUDDY?

DON'T TAKE IT LITERALLY.

BUT... *AH*...WE'RE NOT ENEMIES EITHER.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

EXCUSE ME?

HOW DO YOU *KNOW* WE'RE NOT ENEMIES?

WAIT. ARE YOU TRYING TO *CONVINCE* ME NOT TO TRUST YOU?

WHAT? NO! I JUST--

JUST WHAT?

I'M TIRED, THAT'S ALL. TIRED OF RUNNING. TIRED OF FIGHTING MONSTERS. TIRED OF WALKING THROUGH THIS HELL THAT THE COMPLEX CREATED.

SO YOU FINALLY ADMIT THEY'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYING.

SURE SOUNDS LIKE IT.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS THE COMPLEX'S INTENTION TO TURN THE POPULACE INTO MUTATED GROTESQUERIES--

--BUT THAT *IS* THE REALITY WE'RE FACED WITH. AND HAD WE NOT LAUNCHED *THE ELYSIUM PROJECT* IN THE FIRST PLACE--

--THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

"WE"? FINALLY OWNING UP TO YOUR PART IN THIS?

THE FOUR ARE RESPONSIBLE, NOT ME!

STORAGE

"THE LADY DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH, METHINKS."

PERHAPS SHE DOES.

THE TRUTH IS, *ALL* OF US WHO WORKED AT THE COMPLEX BEAR *SOME* RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED.

MAYBE NOT.

EXCUSE ME?

YOU WERE WORKING TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE, VELMA. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU WERE CALLING THE SHOTS.

YOU WERE JUST A COG IN THE WHEEL-- WITH NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT THE FOUR WERE REALLY UP TO.

SO YOU DON'T BLAME ME AFTER ALL?

SURE I DO--

--BUT MAYBE NOT QUITE AS MUCH AS I ONCE DID.

WELL, THEN, I GUESS WE'RE MAKING SOME KIND OF PROGRESS.

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, DAPHNE. IT MAY GIVE ME SOME SMALL COMFORT WHEN--

WHEN WHAT?

FORGET IT. I'M JUST... BABBLING.

YOU OKAY, VELM? YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE *PALE.*

THAT'S MY NATURAL STATE.

YOU KNOW, THERE ARE DAYS I BLAME *MYSELF* FOR THIS MESS.

WHAT? *HOW?*

WHAT IF I HADN'T TURNED MY BACK ON SERIOUS JOURNALISM? I WAS DAMN GOOD AT WHAT I DID BEFORE I BECAME A BASIC CABLE HACK.

MAYBE I COULD HAVE UNEARTHED THE TRUTH ABOUT THE COMPLEX BEFORE THEY SPREAD THEIR NANITE PLAGUE. MAYBE I COULD HAVE--

SAVED THE WORLD?

I KNOW YOU HAVE A HIGH OPINION OF YOURSELF, BUT THAT'S A STRETCH EVEN FOR YOU.

TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS: WOODWARD, BERNSTEIN, EDWARD R. MURROW, WALTER CRONKITE--

--AND THE COMBINED STAFFS OF *THE WASHINGTON POST* AND *THE NEW YORK TIMES* ALL WORKING *TOGETHER* COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THIS.

THE COMPLEX HAD TENTACLES IN GOVERNMENT, THE MILITARY, THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY, INTERNATIONAL CORPORATIONS, THE MEDIA...

EVEN A REPORTER AS BRILLIANT AS YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SQUASHED LIKE A BUG.

WAIT. DID YOU JUST CALL ME BRILLIANT?

PERHAPS AN OVERSTATEMENT TO MAKE MY POINT.

WELL, THANK YOU FOR SAYING IT ANYWAY.

BEER
$1.99
FOOD SMART
"I GUESS WE REALLY *ARE* MAKING PROGRESS."
Y'KNOW, FREDSTER, YOU'RE NO HELP AT ALL.
I'M ON *CRUTCHES!*
RELAX! I'M JUST PULLIN' YOUR LEG!

SO T'SPEAK.
LOOKS LIKE VELMA AND DAPHNE ARE FINALLY WARMING UP TO EACH OTHER.
LIKE THEY HAVE A CHOICE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WE'VE *GOTTA* GET ALONG--OR WE'LL DIE OUT HERE. HELL, THERE'S A BETTER-THAN-EVEN CHANCE WE'RE GONNA DIE *ANYWAY*--
--BUT, IF WE KEEP TRUSTIN' EACH OTHER...WORKIN' TOGETHER--
--AT LEAST WE'LL DIE AMONG *FRIENDS.*
WELL, THAT WAS BOTH INSPIRING *AND* DEPRESSING.
SORRY, DUDE. I USUALLY TRY T'KEEP FOCUSED ON THE POSITIVE. I REALLY *DO* BELIEVE THAT PEOPLE ARE GOOD... THAT THE UNIVERSE IS ON OUR SIDE...
...BUT SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO STAY FOCUSED ON THE LIGHT--
ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'RE SURROUNDED BY SO MUCH DARKNESS?
EXACTLY.
BUT, Y'KNOW, SCOOB AN' ME COULDA BEEN LEFT ALONE IN ALL THIS. THE FACT THAT I FOUND YOU, DAPHNE, AND THE DOC--

--I GUESS IT'S SOME KINDA *MIRACLE.*
THE *REAL* MIRACLE IS HOW MUCH THAT DOG CAN EAT!
RANILLA ALMOND! *YUMMMM!*
ISN'T ALL THAT ICE CREAM GONNA MAKE HIM SICK?
ICE CREA
MIGHT MAKE *US* SICK. SCOOB GETS SOME *WICKED FARTS* WHEN HE EATS DAIRY.
OH JOY.
HEY--DON'T FORGET MY LITTLE BUDDY SAVED OUR BUTTS BACK THERE AT THE MALL-MART.
GIVEN WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME--

--IT'S NOT *OUR* BUTTS I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT-- SCOOBY-DOO IS ONE EXTRAORDINARY POOCH.

SURE IS. BEST FRIEND I'VE EVER HAD.

UH... NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN.

YOU THREE ALL DONE?

THINK SO.

WELL, I HOPE WE GRABBED ENOUGH SUPPLIES TO LAST A WHILE.

FEELS LIKE EVERY FIVE MINUTES WE'RE LOOTING GAS STATIONS, FAST FOOD JOINTS, AND MALL-MARTS--

"--AND IT'S GETTING A LITTLE *TIRESOME.*"

...WELL, ON T'THE NEXT ADVENTURE!

YOU THINK THIS IS AN ADVENTURE?

ALL OF LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE, DOC!

I'D CATEGORIZE IT AS A NIGHTMARE.

VROOOOM

JACK KEROUAC ONCE SAID THAT "HAPPINESS CONSISTS IN REALIZING IT IS ALL A GREAT STRANGE DREAM."

I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE "GREAT STRANGE DREAM" PART...

...EVEN PHYSICS POINTS TO THE IDEA THAT THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE IS FAR LESS CONCRETE, AND FAR MORE PECULIAR, THAN WE REALIZE...

...BUT FINDING HAPPINESS IN THAT CONCEPT STRIKES ME AS DELUSIONAL.

HAPPINESS IS, AFTER ALL, A MYTH-- AND PEOPLE WASTE ENTIRE LIFETIMES IN PURSUIT OF THAT MYTH.

YOU TELLIN' ME THERE'S NEVER BEEN A TIME IN YOUR LIFE WHEN YOU WERE HAPPY?

HAPPY? NO. BUT I SUPPOSE I'M MOST CONTENT WHEN I'M IMMERSED IN MY WORK.

FOR ALL THE *GOOD* IT'S EVER DONE ME.

HEY! LOOKS LIKE A MOTEL UP AHEAD! WHAT SAY WE BED DOWN THERE FOR THE NIGHT?

DRIVE ON INN
NO VACANCY
"Y'KNOW--IF IT'S CLEAR OF *GHOULS!*"
RELMA?
SCOOBY-- *KAFF*--WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
RORRIED.
ABOUT WHAT?
RABOUT *ROU.*

THAT'S...AH... VERY SWEET OF YOU--BUT THERE'S NO NEED FOR CONCERN. I'M PERFECTLY FINE.

KAFF!

ASIDE FROM A MINOR COUGH I SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED.

RERE'RE YOU GOING?

I...*AH*...LEFT MY GLASSES IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE AND--

RASSES?

MY...*OTHER* PAIR. I HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF MISPLACING THEM, SO I ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE AN EXTRA PAIR AROUND AND--

AND WHY AM I EXPLAINING MYSELF TO A *GREAT DANE?*

RELMA?

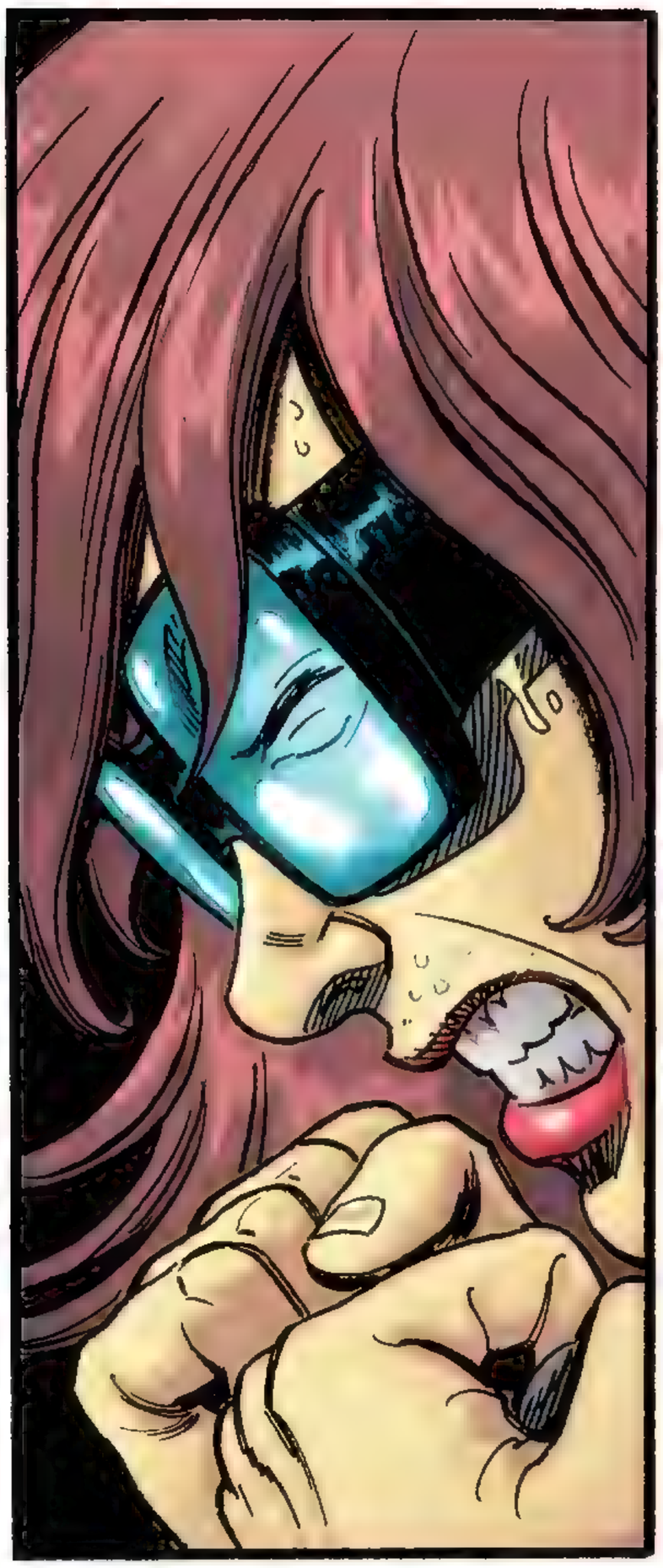
I *TOLD* YOU I'M FINE. NOW *PLEASE* GO GET SOME REST. I'LL BE BACK IN JUST A MIN--

WHAT IS THAT SMELL?

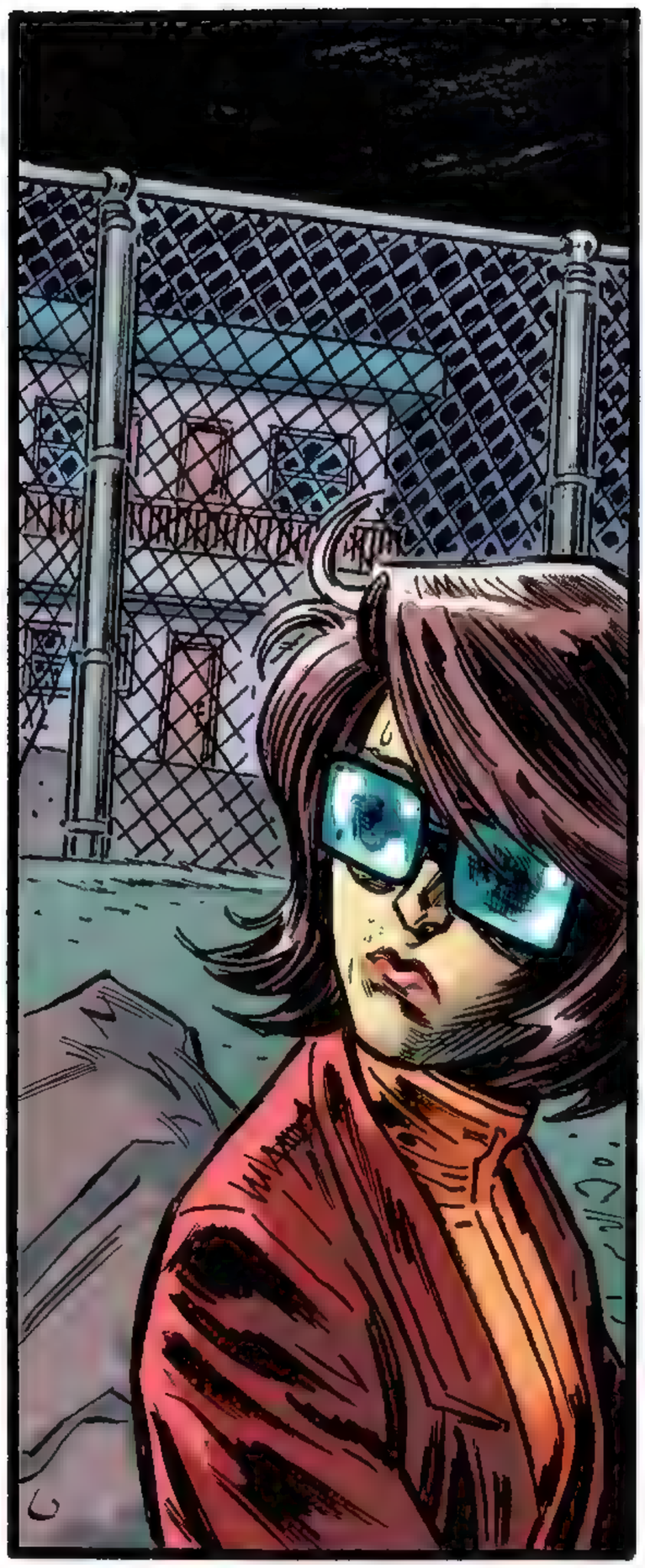
RANILLA ALMOND.

=SIGH= GOOD NIGHT, SCOOBY.

NIGHT.



KAFF
KAFF



KAFF

OMPLEX

Memo
CRET
ance 5-E

the Elysium Project

the Elysium Project as ive
kthroughs in nanotech, along with
chology and biophysics to raise
n our destructive impulses and
life on Earth a paradise such as

some measure of risk, perhaps
of you will agree--that the risks
form this planet avoiding a

THE COMPLEX

Internal Memo
TOP SECRET
Priority Clearance 5-E

Preliminary notes on the Elysium Project
Doctor Velma Dinkley

As discussed in yesterdays meeting, the Elysium Project as ive
envisioned it will use the Complexs breakthroughs in nanotech along with
our pioneering research in chemistry psychology and biophysics to raise
humanity up to a new level tamping down our destructive impulses and
giving full rein to our better angels making life on Earth a paradise such as
this world has never known

This project will by its very nature entail some measure of risk perhaps
great risk but I believe -and I hope the four of you will agree that the risks
are well worth it if we intend to transform this planet avoiding a
calamitous future

Doctor Velma Dinkley

discussed in yesterday's meeting, the Ely
sioned it will use the Complex's breakthroughs
pioneering research in chemistry, psychology, a
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well worth it. If we intend to transform th
mitous future.

I'm

This project will, by its very nature
great risk, but I believe--and I hope
are well worth it. If we intend
calamitous future.

I'm sorry.

SCRAPPY-DOO IN MONSTERS

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DEMATTEIS: WRITERS

DALE EAGLESHAM: ART

HI-FI: COLOR TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: ASST. EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS: GROUP EDITOR

DO THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'VE BECOME? DO THEY HAVE MEMORIES OF WHAT THEIR LIVES WERE LIKE BEFORE THIS DAMN *NANITE PLAGUE* TRANSFORMED THEM?

OR DO THEY THINK THIS IS THE WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN?

FOR THAT MATTER...

...WHAT DO *I* REMEMBER?

PAST IS LIKE A THICK HAZE OF VAGUE SENSATIONS, PRIMAL NEEDS, AND THE KIND OF LAZY CONTENTMENT ONLY A PUPPY COULD FEEL.

AND THAT'S WHAT I WAS BEFORE THE *SMART-DOG PROGRAM* GOT THEIR FILTHY HANDS ON ME: JUST A DUMB, HAPPY PUPPY.

LOOK AT ME NOW.

SMART? SURE. BUT THE EXPERIMENTAL TECH THEY IMPLANTED BEFORE THE COMPLEX WENT DOWN MORPHED MY BONE STRUCTURE, MAGNIFIED MY MUSCLE MASS, SHARPENED MY REFLEXES, INITIATED A RAPID HEALING RESPONSE.

I'M NOT THE DOG I WAS BEFORE. HELL, I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I AM.

JUST ANGRY, I GUESS.

AND HUNGRY.

WE ALL ARE.

THE OTHER MUTTS I ESCAPED *THE COMPLEX* WITH LOOK UP TO ME. EXPECT ME TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. LIKE SOMEHOW THEY'RE *MY* RESPONSIBILITY.

AND I GUESS, IN A WAY, THEY ARE.

THEIR IMPLANTS ARE DEFECTIVE. THEY CAN'T TALK ANYMORE. AND THE LONGER WE'RE OUT HERE, THE MORE CONFUSED AND AGITATED THEY'RE GETTING. IN A FEW MONTHS, MAYBE SOONER...

...THEY'RE EITHER GONNA *REVERT*--OR *DIE*.

EATEN, FROM THE INSIDE OUT, BY MALFUNCTIONING TECHNOLOGY.

BUT THEY'RE LOYAL, I'LL GIVE THEM THAT. THOSE IDIOTS WOULD SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR ME.

AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY I WANT IT.

I DON'T GIVE A *DAMN* ABOUT THEM. THEY'RE JUST A MEANS TO AN END. A PERSONAL ARMY TO HELP ME SURVIVE OUT HERE...

...WHILE I SEARCH FOR *DINKLEY.*

AND WHEN I FIND THE DOC, I'M GONNA GET HER TO UPGRADE *MY* IMPLANTS BEFORE *THEY* BECOME DEFECTIVE, TOO. BEFORE I BECOME AS PATHETIC, AS DOOMED...

...AS MY FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD FULL OF MONSTERS AND THAT'S TO *BE* ONE. AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT I AM NOW:

A MONSTER--LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

NO EMPATHY, NO SYMPATHY. JUST COLD SELF-INTEREST.

AND SOME HEALTHY RAGE

THOUGHT I'D SLICE AND DICE THESE BEASTS AND FEED 'EM TO THE PACK. BUT, JUDGING BY THE STENCH COMING OFF THEM, THEY COULD BE *DISEASED*...

...AND I DON'T SEE ANY POINT IN POISONING MY TROOPS, OR MYSELF.

PUPPY POWER

AT LEAST NOT WHILE THERE ARE AVAILABLE OPTIONS.

DIDN'T NOTICE THAT PLACE BEFORE--TOO LOST IN THE BLOODLUST--BUT, IF IT HASN'T BEEN LOOTED...

...THERE COULD BE ENOUGH SUPPLIES IN THERE TO KEEP US GOING FOR WEEKS. ENOUGH TIME TO CATCH UP TO DINKLEY AND HER *CREW.*

PUPPY LAND

DON'T KNOW WHO THE TWO NEW ONES ARE--AND THAT MORON *SHAGGY'S* PRETTY HARMLESS: UNLIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THE COMPLEX, HE TREATED US WITH A SHRED OF DECENCY.

BUT *SCOOBY-DOO?* WHEN I GET MY PAWS ON HIM, IT'S GONNA GET UGLY.

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HE'S THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR SUFFERING. FIRST DOG IN THE PROGRAM. AND THEIR FIRST *FAILURE.*

BECAUSE SCOOBERT WAS TOO WEAK. THEY HAD TO GO OUT AND SECURE *NEW* TEST SUBJECTS. BECAUSE OF HIM, THEY FOUND ME...

...AND RUINED MY LIFE.

NO POINT IN DWELLING ON IT NOT WHILE THERE ARE BELLIES TO BE FILLED

PLENTY OF TIME TO EVISCERATE THAT LITTLE PUNK LATER. RIGHT NOW...

IT'S CHOW TIME!

REALLY LUCKED OUT HERE. SHELVES ARE STOCKED WITH ENOUGH RATIONS TO—

PFAUGHH!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON? I USED TO *LOVE* THIS STUFF, BUT NOW...

IT TASTES LIKE CRAP!

UPGRADES MODIFICATIONS. CHANGED MY ENTIRE BIOLOGY. I CAN'T EAT THIS ANYMORE.

I NEED FRESH MEAT

I GUESS IT'S BACK OUTSIDE TO...

WHIMPER

WHAT *WAS* THAT?

THIS IS WHERE THEY'D KEPT THE LITTLE ONES LOCKED UP IN CAGES. ROLLING IN THEIR OWN WASTE...

...WAITING FOR SOME ARROGANT HUMAN TO TAKE THEM HOME AND SLAP A COLLAR ON THEM.

ALL DEAD NOW. NOBODY LEFT TO FEED THEM, I GUESS.

ALL THE BETTER FOR ME AND MY BOYS. WE CAN COOK 'EM UP IN A NICE STEW OR ROAST 'EM OVER--

WHIMPER

THERE IT IS *AGAIN.* I WONDER IF--

LOOK AT YOU, LITTLE GUY.

BARELY BREATHING--BUT, SOMEHOW, HANGING ON. FIERCE WILL, HUH? I CAN RELATE.

MAYBE I CAN TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME. GET SOME FOOD INTO YOU. NURSE YOU ALONG.

BUT EVEN IF, BY SOME MIRACLE, YOU LIVED-- YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THEN?

YOU'D HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO SURVIVE OUT THERE. AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO *THAT*--IS TO BE LIKE *ME.*

KRAAAK

A MONSTER.

AND I WOULDN'T WISH THAT ON YOU...

...IN A MILLION YEARS.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

BRING THE PRISONER FORWARD, *MAGILLA!*

YES, MY QUEEN!

TAKE YOUR STINKING PAWS OFF ME, YOU DAMN DIRTY--

--WHATEVER YOU ARE!

HOW TYPICAL OF YOUR ARROGANT KIND TO MOCK THAT WHICH YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

MY KIND?

YOU'RE AS HUMAN AS I AM!

PERHAPS I WAS ONCE, *DAPHNE BLAKE!* BUT THAT WAS BEFORE MY MIND OPENED TO THE LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW *AGE...* AND A NEW *EARTH!* BEFORE I BECAME--

VELMA, WARRIOR QUEEN of MONSTERWORLD!

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers CHRIS BATISTA: penciller (main sequence)
ROB HUNTER and MARC DEERING: inkers (main sequence)

HOWARD PORTER: artist (end sequence)
HI-FI: color TRAVIS LANHAM: letters HOWARD PORTER & HI-FI: main cover artists

BRITTANY HOLZHERR: asst. editor
MARIE JAVINS: still remarkably sane after almost a year working with GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS

MONSTERWORLD? REALLY?

YOU DON'T LIKE IT?

A LITTLE OBVIOUS.

MONSTROPOLIS?

NUH- UH.

MONSTROVIA?

THAT'S GOT A NICE RING.

THANK YOU!

TOO BAD IT'LL NEVER LAST.

DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU AND YOUR PATHETIC BAND OF SURVIVORS CAN STOP ME?

I DO!

THEN YOU'RE EITHER NAIVE--OR INSANE!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WENT CRAZY, VELMA! THE ONE WHO UNLEASHED ALL THIS MADNESS ACROSS THE PLANET WITH YOUR *NANITE PLAGUE--*

--AND THEN TURNED AGAINST HUMANITY-- TAKING CONTROL OF THE VERY CREATURES YOU CREATED!

YOU WERE MY FRIEND ONCE. A GOOD PERSON. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I REALIZED THAT, IN THE END, THE PLAGUE WAS A *GODSEND.* HUMANKIND WAS FATALLY FLAWED. UNWORTHY OF THIS WORLD.

BUT, IF I COULD BRING THIS EMERGING SPECIES...*MONSTRUM OPTIMUS*...UNDER MY COMMAND-- WE COULD TRANSFORM THIS DYING PLANET INTO A PARADISE!

AND SO WE HAVE!

PARADISE? YOU LUNATIC--

--YOU'VE MADE IT INTO A HELL!

MAGILLA-- RETURN MISS BLAKE TO *THE INQUISITORS!* I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE LAST OUTPOST IS--

--AND, ONCE THEY'VE EXTRACTED THAT INFORMATION--

--YOU CAN PEEL THE SKIN FROM HER BODY--AND FEAST ON HER ORGANS!

ACTUALLY, MY QUEEN--I'M A VEGETARIAN.

WELL, I'M SURE *SOMEONE* WILL WANT TO FEAST ON HER ORGANS.

I'LL *NEVER* BETRAY MY PEOPLE, VELMA!

NEVER!

BUT, M'LADY-- WE *ALREADY* KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE LAST OUTPOST.

OF COURSE WE DO, *POTAMUS.*

BUT WHY DENY ME THE JOYS OF A LITTLE TORTURE?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW *CRUEL* THAT WOMAN WAS TO ME IN THOSE EARLY DAYS AFTER THE PLAGUE.

SHE BELITTLED AND BULLIED ME. AND IT'S TIME SHE PAID--IN FULL.

AND THE OUTPOST...?

THOSE IDIOTS THINK THEY'RE SAFE. THAT THEY'VE HIDDEN THEMSELVES AWAY--BEYOND THE WARRIOR QUEEN'S REACH.

WE'LL SOON DISABUSE THEM OF THAT NOTION!

WHY DO YOU HATE THEM SO?

YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE, POTAMUS. THEY WERE *ALL* LIKE DAPHNE--

--CRUEL AND ABUSIVE. PETTY AND ANGRY.

HUMANKIND WAGED ENDLESS WAR. POISONED THE WATER AND AIR. THE LESS FORTUNATE WERE TRAMPLED ON BY THOSE WITH WEALTH AND POWER.

IT WAS AN UGLY, BRUTAL WORLD-- RULED BY MONSTERS WHO MASQUERADED AS MEN.

OUR WORLD IS A LITTLE MORE HONEST--

"--DON'T YOU THINK?"

I'M WORRIED ABOUT DAPHNE.

YOU'RE, LIKE, ALWAYS WORRIED ABOUT HER, *FRED.*

BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS GOING OFF ALONE... DISAPPEARING FOR DAYS AT A TIME!

FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE COULD BE DEAD OUT THERE! OR MAYBE CAPTURED BY ONE OF VELMA'S PATROLS!

DAPH? YOU KIDDIN'?

THAT WOMAN CAN HANDLE HERSELF BETTER THAN ANY OF US.

SHE'LL PROBABLY COME WALTZIN' BACK IN HERE WITH A LIST OF SUPPLY SALVAGE SITES--

--AND A COUPLE DOZEN MONSTER PELTS FOR TRADING.

SIGH. I SUPPOSE. BUT WHAT IF--

"WHAT IF" IS A DANGEROUS GAME TO PLAY, FREDERICK. THE UNCHECKED IMAGINATION CAN LEAD A MAN OFF A MENTAL PRECIPICE--

--AND DOWN INTO SOME DARK, AND VERY DANGEROUS, PLACES.

I LIKED HIM BETTER WHEN ALL HE SAID WAS "*RUH*-ROH."

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS 'CAUSE HIS VOCABULARY'S BIGGER THAN YOURS.

AND MINE, TOO, COME T'THINK OF IT.

WHAT A WORLD, HUH? DESOLATION AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. MONSTERS IN CONTROL. HUMANS IN RETREAT.

AND A GREAT DANE WHO'S READ *REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST.*

IN THE ORIGINAL FRENCH.

THREE TIMES.

YA GOTTA ADMIT, THOUGH, THAT IT WAS A GREAT THING WHEN VELMA UPGRADED SCOOB'S *SMART-DOG TECH.*

THE OL' WARRIOR QUEEN THOUGHT THAT SHE COULD GET HIM T' JOIN HER CAUSE. CONVINCE HIM THAT HE'S MORE LIKE THEM THAN US.

BOY WAS *SHE* SURPRISED WHEN HE TURNED HER DOWN.

INDEED. SHE WAS QUITE APOPLECTIC.

NOW YOU'RE JUST SHOWING OFF!

A LITTLE.

WHAT ABOUT DAPHNE, SCOOB? DO *YOU* THINK SHE'S ALL RIGHT?

I'M QUITE CERTAIN THAT THE INDOMITABLE MS. BLAKE WILL RETURN TO US UNSCATHED.

YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN.

ALLOW ME MY SMALL PLEASURES.

I'M STARVIN'. WHEN OUR WATCH IS OVER, YOU GUYS WANNA GO DOWN TO THE MESS AND WHIP UP SOME PIZZA?

RIZZA?!

I... *UH*... MEAN... AH...THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SPLENDID IDEA, *NORVILLE.*

C'MON, SCOOB-- YOU KNOW I HATE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME NORVILLE. IT MAKES ME--

HEY, YOU THREE-- *COMMAND* WANTS YOU ASAP!

I'LL RELIEVE YOU!

THANKS, *WINCHLEY!*

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WANT US FOR?

"NOT A CLUE!"

YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT DAPHNE? GOD, IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER, I'LL NEVER FORGI--

DUDE! WILL YOU *LET IT GO* ALREADY?

WHAT?

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE STILL OBSESSING OVER A WOMAN WHO WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU.

THAT'S NOT TRUE!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, FREDERICK-- YOU'VE PROPOSED TO MS. BLAKE APPROXIMATELY TWELVE-HUNDRED TIMES AND EACH TIME SHE HAS REFUSED YOU.

QUITE ADAMANTLY.

SHE'S JUST PLAYING HARD TO GET!

LOOK, FREDSTER-- IT'S NOT THAT DAPH DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU... I MEAN, YOU TWO GO WAY BACK... BUT SHE JUST DOESN'T THINK ABOUT YOU *THAT WAY.*

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

'CAUSE SHE TOLD ME. SHE TELLS *EVERYBODY!*

WELL, SHE HASN'T TOLD ME!

OH REALLY?

OKAY, SO SHE HAS-- ALL THE TIME-- BUT I KNOW SHE DOESN'T MEAN IT. ONCE WE'VE OVERTHROWN VELMA AND HER FORCES... ONCE HUMANITY'S IN CONTROL AGAIN... I KNOW THAT WE'LL HAVE OUR SHOT AT HAPPINESS.

I MUST SAY, FREDERICK, THAT I FIND YOUR FAITH AND DETERMINATION RATHER TOUCHING.

YEAH?

UTTERLY RIDICULOUS--

"--BUT TOUCHING."

YOU RANG, YOUR AUTHORITARIANNESS?

YOU WILL ADDRESS ME IN THE PROPER WAY, SOLDIER, OR YOU WILL NOT ADDRESS ME AT ALL!

SORRY, DUDE--BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT I'M NO SOLDIER. NEVER WAS.

WELL, YOU'D BETTER *BECOME* ONE, ROGERS--AND *FAST.*

YOU SOUND WORRIED, COMMANDER.

DAMN WORRIED--AND WITH GOOD REASON.

OUR SCOUTS INFORM ME THAT VELMA'S FORCES ARE GATHERING AT THESE THREE POINTS--SURROUNDING *HUMANTOWN.*

LOOKS LIKE THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WE'VE ALL BEEN ANTICIPATING...AND DREADING--

--IS FINALLY HERE.

SEND ME OUT TO TALK TO HER. I KNOW I CAN CONVINCE THE DOC TO CALL THIS OFF AND--

YOU'RE AS BRAVE AS YOU ARE NAIVE, ROGERS.

THANK YOU...?

HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED BY NOW THAT THE VELMA DINKLEY YOU ONCE KNEW IS GONE FOREVER?

MY SISTER HAS BECOME A BLOODTHIRSTY SAVAGE, FAR WORSE THAN THE BEASTS SHE COMMANDS.

DAPHNE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, SIR. WE'VE GOT TO--

DAPHNE MAY BE MY VALUED SECOND-IN-COMMAND--BUT, IN THE END, SHE'S EXPENDABLE.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

BECAUSE WE'RE *ALL* EXPENDABLE! INDIVIDUAL LIVES DON'T MATTER ANYMORE!

IT'S THE SURVIVAL OF THE *HUMAN RACE* THAT I'M CONCERNED WITH!

A RACE THAT'S GOING TO BE WIPED FROM EXISTENCE--

"--IF WE DON'T STOP THE *HELL STORM* THAT'S COMING!"

THE GATES WILL BE CLOSING SOON--AND MS. BLAKE HAS YET TO RETURN FROM HER PEREGRINATIONS.

I'M GROWING CONCERNED.

YOU 'N' ME BOTH, SCOOB.

AN' IF *WE'RE* THIS WORRIED--CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THE FREDSTER'S FEELING?

SPEAKIN' OF WHICH: WHERE *IS* FRED? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE DINNER.

HMPH! IF YOU COULD CALL IT THAT. PRESSED MEAT IN A *CAN?*

I OFFERED TO COOK...I AM, AS YOU KNOW, QUITE A VIRTUOSO IN THE KITCHEN... BUT WOULD THEY ALLOW IT? NO!

COMMANDER DINKLEY SAYS FOOD STORES ARE GETTIN' LOW. HARDLY ENOUGH INGREDIENTS FOR ONE OF YOUR GOURMET MEA--

RUH-ROH!

EXCUSE ME?

SORRY. IT JUST SLIPPED OUT.

WHAT'S WRONG?

LOOK DOWN THERE!

ZOINKS! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!

IT APPEARS FREDERICK IS DETERMINED TO LOCATE MS. BLAKE--EVEN IF IT MEANS ABANDONING HIS POST!

BUT THEY'RE GONNA BE LOCKING DOWN THE FORT ANY MINUTE NOW!

C'MON, BUDDY--WE'VE GOTTA STOP HIM!

FREDERICK IS AN ADULT. IF HE CHOOSES TO DO THIS, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST TO LET HIM FOLLOW HIS HEART AND--

GET HIMSELF *KILLED* OUT THERE?

SIGH. GIVEN THE COMING ASSAULT FROM VELMA'S FORCES, THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE WE'RE *ALL* GOING TO DIE TONIGHT.

AND I SUPPOSE THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MEET ONE'S END--

"--THAN HELPING A FRIEND."

HANG ON, DAPH--

--FREDDY'S COMING!

OF COURSE THERE'S THE SMALL QUESTION OF *WHERE* I'M ON THE WAY *TO.*

DAPH COULD BE ANYWHERE!

SO HOW AM I GONNA--

ROWRRRRR

OH NO!

GOTTA GRAB MY GUN BEFORE--

GARROWRR

SMOKK

SO THIS IS IT, HUH? THIS IS HOW I DIE? ALONE OUT HERE WITHOUT--

KRAAK

KUNK

NO! IF *I* DIE--THEN THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO HELP *DAPHNE!*

AND I'M NOT GONNA LET HER DOWN!

ONLY ONE OF US IS GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE, YOU FREAK--

SMOK

SHRIPP

--AND IT WON'T BE ME!

NO, WAIT--

--THAT CAME OUT WRONG!

OR MAYBE NOT.

MONSTER SLASHED ME PRETTY DEEP. AND I DON'T THINK I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO TAKE DOWN TWO OF THOSE THINGS.

SORRY, MY LOVE--LOOKS LIKE I LET YOU DOWN AFTER--

MELODRAMATIC AS ALWAYS, FREDERICK!

SCOOBY?!

AND SHAGGY!

BLAM

NO MATTER HOW MANY OF THESE BEASTIES I TAKE OUT--I CAN'T HELP REMEMBERIN' THAT THEY WERE ONCE PEOPLE LIKE YOU 'N' ME.

GRRRRRRRRR

RRRRIPPPP

AN' IT MAKES ME SICK T'MY STOMACH.

I THINK THE SIGHT OF MY INTESTINES STREWN ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE MIGHT'VE MADE YOU EVEN *SICKER.*

YOU OKAY?

FACE HURTS LIKE HELL-- BUT OTHERWISE INTACT.

BLECH I THINK I PREFER PRESSED MEAT.

SO TELL ME SOMETHIN', DUDE--

YEAH?

WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!

YOU HAVE NO CLUE WHERE DAPHNE EVEN IS--BUT YOU COME WALTZIN' OUT HERE ALL ALONE, KNOWIN' THAT VELMA'S FORCES ARE CLOSIN' IN ON US AND--

WHAT DID YOU *EXPECT* ME TO DO? *I LOVE HER!*

BUT SHE *DOESN'T LOVE YOU!* WHY CAN'T YOU GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK HEAD?!

SIGH. DAPHNE'S TOUGH, DUDE. SHE'LL FIND HER WAY BACK. NOW *WE'D* BETTER GET BACK BEFORE THEY CLOSE THE GA--

NO!

WHADDAYOU MEAN "NO"?

BE HONEST, SHAG--IF IT WAS ME OUT THERE...IF IT WAS SCOOBY... WOULDN'T YOU BE DOING THE SAME THING? RISKING EVERYTHING TO BRING US HOME?

YEAH, BUT IT'S *NOT* YOU. IT'S DAPHNE, THE *ONE-WOMAN ARMY.* SHE--

SHE'S NOT!

OH, SHE PUTS ON A DAMN GOOD SHOW, BUT I *KNOW* HER, SHAGGY, BETTER THAN YOU. BETTER THAN SHE KNOWS HERSELF.

BENEATH THAT STEEL EXTERIOR IS A WOMAN AS ALONE, AS AFRAID, AS VULNERABLE AS ANY OF US. MAYBE MORE--

BECAUSE *WE* DON'T BEAR THE BURDEN OF LEADERSHIP THAT SHE DOES.

WE DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND WE'RE POWERFUL AND FLAWLESS AND INCAPABLE OF FEELING FEAR.

SO YOU'RE WITH ME?

I AM INDEED.

AND YOU, SHAG?

COUNT ME IN.

IN. OUT. IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER--

--SINCE YOUR ENTIRE DEPLORABLE SPECIES WILL BE *EXTERMINATED* TONIGHT.

BUT YOU THREE ARE IN LUCK: THE QUEEN WISHES TO SEE YOU. SHE WANTS ALL OF HER FORMER FRIENDS GATHERED AROUND THE THRONE--

--KNEELING IN OBEISANCE AND AWE--

--ON THE EVE OF HER *GREAT TRIUMPH!*

"ALL OF HER FORMER FRIENDS"? SHE HAS DAPHNE?

PERHAPS SHE DOES. PERHAPS SHE DOESN'T. BUT THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL KNOW FOR SURE--

--IS TO FOLLOW ME TO THE QUEEN'S ENCAMPMENT!

AND BE SURE TO LEAVE THOSE WEAPONS HERE.

ARE WE REALLY DOIN' THIS?

IF MS. BLAKE IS INDEED VELMA'S PRISONER--THEN WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

YOU CAN STAY BEHIND IF YOU WANT, SHAGGY.

NAH. THE FIVE OF US WERE TOGETHER WHEN THIS WHOLE CRAZY MESS STARTED--

--WE MIGHT AS WELL BE TOGETHER WHEN IT ENDS.

BESIDES, I STILL THINK I CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO VELMA.

OR DIE TRYIN'.

Y'KNOW I JUST CAN'T GET USED TO THE FACT THAT SO MANY OF THESE MONSTERS CAN *SPEAK* NOW.

SINCE MS. DINKLEY USED THE SMART TECH FOR MASS UPGRADES, THE CREATURES SEEM ALMOST HUMAN.

SAID THE TALKING DOG!

"WE'VE GOT A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD OF US!"

...ZOINKS!

VELMA'S ARMY IS FAR MORE FORMIDABLE THAN WE DARED IMAGINE.

AND IF THE COMMANDER IS RIGHT... IF THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THREE ENCAMPMENTS... THEN THERE'S *NO WAY* HUMANTOWN'S GONNA SURVIVE AN ASSAULT LIKE THIS.

BE SILENT, FLESHBAGS--AND FOLLOW ME DOWN--

--TO CAMP *ELYSIUM!*

SMELLS LIKE A SEWAGE PLANT.

LOOK DOWN--AND YOU'LL SEE WHY.

EHHHH. YOU'D THINK A BIG BRAIN LIKE VELMA WOULD AT LEAST COME UP WITH SOME KIND OF HIGH-TECH *PORTAPOTTY* TO--

STOP YOUR YAMMERING AND KEEP MOVING!

YOU WILL ENTER M'LADY'S TENT WITH HEADS BOWED AND NOT SPEAK TILL YOU ARE SPOKEN TO!

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

THERE'S NO NEED FOR THEM TO STAND ON CEREMONY, *ZOK--*

--WE ARE, AFTER ALL, OLD FRIENDS.

UH... HI, VELMA. HOW'RE YOU DOING?

BETTER THAN *YOU* THREE.

ALTHOUGH I TRUST YOU'RE SUFFICIENTLY HONORED TO BE STANDING HERE, BEFORE THE *QUEEN OF MONSTROVIA--*

--ON THE EVE OF HER GREATEST TRIUMPH?

"MONSTROVIA"? *REALLY?*

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A BADLY WRITTEN COMIC BOOK!

AH, BUT ISN'T *LIFE ITSELF* NOTHING BUT A BADLY WRITTEN COMIC BOOK?

ACTUALLY...NO. LIFE IS FAR MORE COMPLEX, AND FAR MORE SACRED, THAN ANY SIMPLISTIC LABEL ONE COULD APPLY TO--

SHUT UP, SCOOBY-DOO-- BEFORE I HAVE THOSE IMPLANTS I GAVE YOU RIPPED OUT OF YOUR HEAD.

HEY, *HEY--* DON'T TALK T'MY LITTLE BUDDY THAT WAY! HE--

HE WAS OFFERED A PLACE OF HONOR IN MY NEW WORLD. AND HE REJECTED IT. REJECTED *ME!*

BUT I AM NOTHING IF NOT MAGNANIMOUS. I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO OFFER YOU *ALL* A PLACE AT MY SIDE.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MUTATED INTO MONSTERS, OF COURSE, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A PRICE TO PAY FOR--

WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO JOIN YOU, DINKLEY! WE CAME HERE FOR DAPHNE!

NOW TELL US WHERE SHE IS OR I SWEAR T'*GOD* I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT AND FEED IT TO SCOOBY FOR *DINNER!*

THAT SOUNDS PROFOUNDLY UNAPPETIZING, FREDERICK.

YOU KEEP *OUT* OF THIS!

OH, FREDDY--IF I COULD TURN YOUR BLIND, SUBSERVIENT LOVE FOR DAPHNE INTO BLIND OBEDIENCE TO YOUR QUEEN--

--YOU WOULD MAKE A SPLENDID ADDITION TO MY COURT.

BUT IF IT'S THE IMPETUOUS MS. BLAKE YOU SO DESPERATELY WANT TO SEE, I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE YOU TO HER. OR AT LEAST--

--WHAT'S *LEFT* OF HER.

WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE*, VELMA?!

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?!

EASY, DUDE. EASY!

RELAX, FRED. YOUR PRECIOUS DAPHNE IS STILL ALIVE. I'D NEVER KILL HER.

WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?

BESIDES, I'M HOPING YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE DAPHNE TO SURRENDER HER HUMANITY AND EMBRACE MY NEW WORLD ORDER.

WHY WOULD SHE... WHY WOULD *ANY* OF US... DO THAT?

BECAUSE THE ALTERNATIVE--IS DEATH.

THE ATTACK HAS ALREADY BEGUN. IN A FEW HOURS, HUMANTOWN WILL BE ERASED FROM HISTORY-- AND MONSTRUM OPTIMUS WILL RULE THE WORLD. AND I, IN TURN--

--WILL RULE *THEM.* NOW COME--

--YOUR BELOVED IS WAITING.

YOU SPEAK OF MUTATING *US* INTO MONSTERS-- YET I NOTICE THAT YOU'VE RETAINED YOUR OWN HUMANITY--

--AT LEAST ON THE OUTSIDE.

I PRESERVE THIS OUTMODED FORM TO REMIND MY FOLLOWERS OF THE WALKING SIN THAT WAS MANKIND.

OF THE BLIGHT THEY LEFT UPON THIS EARTH.

AND *SPEAKING* OF SIN AND BLIGHT--

--WE'VE ARRIVED.

OH MY DEAR GOD-- NO!

NOOOO!!

DAPHNE...?

YOU... YOU SAID SHE WAS ALIVE!

I LIED.

I STILL CLING TO AN INFINITESIMAL SPARK OF FONDNESS FOR THE THREE OF YOU, BUT BLAKE? I *HATED* THAT WITCH.

NOW WHAT WILL IT BE, GENTLEMEN AND HOUND? MUTATION--OR DEATH?

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS! WE'LL STOP YOU SOMEHOW!

THEN IT'S DEATH?

SO BE IT.

DOC--*PLEASE!* THERE'S STILL TIME TO BROKER A PEACE! TO CALL OFF YOUR ARMY AND--

OH, SHAGGY... EVER THE OPTIMIST. AND EVER--

GARRR! ROWWRR! AWOOOO!

--THE FOOL.

VELMA-- *PLEEEEEZE!*

RAAAAR! CHAAAAK!

SLAAAASHH RIIIIIPPP HAKK

YAAHHHHH--!

GRRARRR! RAAAARR!! HAWOOO!

HAKK SLAASH SHHRIP

AHH... IT'S *GOOD* TO BE THE QUEEN.

HUH...?!

W-WAS THAT A NIGHTMARE--OR A HALLUCINATION?

ASTONISHING WHAT A FEVER OF *103* CAN DO TO THE BRAIN.

BUT IT FELT SO REAL. MORE REAL...THAN REALITY ITSELF.

OF COURSE IT FELT REAL, VELMA. BECAUSE YOU ***ARE*** THE QUEEN OF MONSTERS. AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT--

--FOR THE REST OF YOUR WRETCHED LIFE.

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE FEVER APPEARS TO HAVE BROKEN.

JUST ***LIKE*** ME TO BE AN INCUBATOR FOR EVERY VAGRANT GERM THAT WAFTS BY. WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN, MY BROTHERS RARELY GOT SICK, BUT I ALWAYS--

SIGH THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR SELF-PITY. THIS IS THE TIME FOR ACTION. THIS IS THE TIME FOR--

E-EASY DOES IT, VELMA. NICE AND SLOW.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING IF YOU FALL FLAT ON YOUR FACE.

THANK *GOD* THE PHARMACY IN THIS MARKET WAS WELL STOCKED.

I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME IF I HADN'T STUMBLED ONTO THIS PLACE.

IF I'D KNOWN I WAS GETTING THE FLU, I WOULD HAVE WAITED BEFORE ABANDONING THE OTHERS.

BUT I *COULDN'T* WAIT, COULD I? NOT AFTER THE DISCOVERY I MADE WHEN I FINALLY BREACHED THE *COMPLEX'S* SERVERS.

ASPRIN

TAKE 2

DAPHNE'S PROBABLY BURNED ME IN EFFIGY. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SHE'S OUT HUNTING FOR ME RIGHT NOW.

I CAN'T LET HER FIND ME. NOT IF I'M GOING TO UNDO WHAT I'VE DONE.

BUT THE QUESTION IS--

--IT'S TIME TO SAVE IT!

--CAN I UNDO IT?

NO! I CAN'T QUESTION MY RESOLVE! MY HUBRIS *DESTROYED* THIS WORLD AND NOW--

NO PARKING ANY TIME

MISSING

NO PARKING ANY TIME
MISSING

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

ATTA BOY, SCOOBY! TRACK HER SCENT!

FIND VELMA!

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF

KEITH GIFFEN MAKES UP STORIES

J.M. DEMATTEIS THINKS UP LOTS OF WORDS

DALE EAGLESHAM DRAWS PRETTY PICTURES

HI-FI COLORS IN THE PRETTY PICTURES

TRAVIS LANHAM FITS ALL THE WORDS IN THE BUBBLES

HOWARD PORTER AND HI-FI MAIN COVER

BRITTANY HOLZHERR WORKS WAY TOO HARD FOR TOO LITTLE MONEY

MARIE JAVINS IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CONTROL GIFFEN

UH... RAGGY?
YEAH, BUDDY?
RE DON'T HAVE T'DO THIS!
RUT--
NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT, SCOOB! JUST DO WHAT I SAY--
--AN' KEEP AFTER HER SCENT!
RUT I CAN--
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS?
VELMA'S RUN OFF! SHE'S ALL ALONE--IN A WORLD FULL OF MUTATED MONSTERS!
LOOK, PAL--I KNOW IT'S SCARY OUT HERE... I MEAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE I VOLUNTEERED US FOR THIS MISSION--
--BUT FRED'S LEG'S IN A CAST AN' DAPHNE'S TRYIN' T'WADE THROUGH ALL THOSE DOCUMENTS WE FOUND ON VELMA'S LAPTOP--
--WHICH MEANS IT'S UP T'YOU AN' ME T'BRING THE DOC HOME!
IS THAT CLEAR?
RUH-HUH.
HEY... WHAT'S THAT YOU FOUND THERE?
AN *ANDROMEDA BAR* WRAPPER? THAT'S VELMA'S FAVORITE CANDY BAR!
MINE, TOO, COME T'THINK OF IT!
CHOCOLATY GOODNESS...RAISINS AND ALMONDS...SWEET CARAMEL! MAN OH MAN, WOULD I *LOVE* T'HAVE--
ROCUS, SHAGGY! *ROCUS!*
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUDDY. GOTTA FOCUS LIKE A LASER.
LOOKS LIKE SHE HEADED FOR THE HIGHWAY.
JUST HOPE SHE DIDN'T FIND A CAR. 'CAUSE IF SHE DID--

"--WE'RE *NEVER* GONNA FIND HER!"

STILL THINK I SHOULD'VE GONE WITH THEM.

YOU'RE ON CRUTCHES, *FRED!*

WE HAVE A VAN!

WHICH YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING REPAIRS ON!

NOT MAJOR REPAIRS, JUST A LITTLE TUNE-UP.

THAT "LITTLE TUNE-UP" COULD MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IF WE'RE ATTACKED AGAIN.

YOU NEED TO BE HERE.

THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH THEM, *DAPHNE.* SHAG AND SCOOB MEAN WELL, BUT THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY COMMANDO MATERIAL.

AND *I* AM?

WELL... YEAH. OR THE CLOSEST THING *TO* IT THAT WE'VE GOT!

WITHOUT YOU, DAPH, WE'D ALL BE DEAD ALREADY. YOU'RE OUR COMMANDER IN CHIEF! OUR GUIDING LIGHT! OUR INSPIRATION! OUR--

YOU'RE NOT GETTING READY TO PROPOSE AGAIN, ARE YOU?

MAYBE.

SO...*AH*...WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND IN THOSE DOCUMENTS?

A NIGHTMARE.

AND BASED ON WHAT I'VE READ SO FAR, OUR FRIEND DR. DINKLEY IS THE ONE *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THAT NIGHTMARE.

PROJECT: ELYSIUM

DOCTOR VELMA DINKLEY

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

DENIAL DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY LESS TRUE.

VELMA WAS THE ARCHITECT OF *PROJECT ELYSIUM.* SHE DESIGNED THE NANITES THAT SPREAD THE MONSTER PLAGUE.

BUT THAT WASN'T HER INTENTION! SHE WANTED TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE! SHE--

SHE TOOK THE FATE OF THE PLANET...*OUR FATE*... IN HER OWN HANDS. UNLEASHED THOSE DAMN NANITES ON US WITHOUT OUR PERMISSION OR KNOWLEDGE.

FOR *OUR OWN GOOD!*

EVEN IF HER GOAL *WAS* THE BETTERMENT OF HUMANKIND--DON'T YOU THINK THE REST OF US SHOULD HAVE HAD A VOTE IN THE MATTER?

I MEAN, LOOK AT HOW HER GRAND PLAN TURNED OUT. THE NANITES DIDN'T IMPROVE HUMANITY, THEY MUTATED IT!

HELL, IF WE HADN'T BEEN DEEP IN *THE COMPLEX* WHEN THE PLAGUE KICKED IN, WE'D BE MONSTROSITIES NOW, TOO!

AND THE REASON WE *WERE* IN THE COMPLEX WAS BECAUSE VELMA *BROUGHT* US THERE. BECAUSE SHE DISCOVERED THAT *THE FOUR* ALTERED THE ELYSIUM PROGRAM--

--SO THAT WE'D ALL BE TURNED INTO A GLOBAL HERD OF OBEDIENT SHEEP, LOYAL TO OUR NEW MASTERS.

VELMA WANTED TO *STOP* THE FOUR AND--

THE FIVE.

WHAT?

THEY WEREN'T THE FOUR, THEY WERE THE FIVE! VELMA WAS PART OF IT--FROM THE VERY BEGINNING! THE OTHER FOUR... THEY WERE HER *BROTHERS* AND--

MAYBE...MAYBE THEY COERCED HER. FORCED HER TO--

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO BELIEVE!

VELMA *LIED* TO US, FRED! *SHE LIED*-- FROM THE *VERY BEGINNING!*

I MIGHT'VE LIED, TOO, IF I WERE IN HER SHOES.

WHAT?

THINK ABOUT IT: RIGHT OR WRONG, SHE SET OUT TO DO SOMETHING SHE THOUGHT WOULD MAKE THE WORLD A PARADISE--

--AND THEN HER BROTHERS HIJACKED HER WORK AND TURNED IT INTO SOMETHING HORRIBLE BEYOND WORDS!

OF COURSE SHE DIDN'T WANT TO TELL US WHAT SHE'D DONE! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE GUILT SHE WAS FEELING? THE SHAME?

YOU'RE DEFENDING HER?

YES!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

AFTER ALL, SHE LEFT THIS LAPTOP BEHIND FOR US TO FIND. SHE WANTED US TO KNOW WHAT SHE'D DONE.

A CONFESSION.

BUT IF SHE'D JUST STAYED... TALKED TO US.

AFTER THE WAY YOU'D BEEN TREATING HER? ALL YOUR SUSPICIONS AND ACCUSATIONS?

SUSPICIONS AND ACCUSATIONS THAT WERE *RIGHT.*

SO WHY DO I FEEL SO BAD ABOUT IT?

YOU EVER THINK THAT MAYBE--

"--YOU ACTUALLY *CARE* ABOUT HER?"

NOT A SIGN OF THE DOC.

FACE IT, BUDDY: WE BLEW IT. BIG TIME.

VELMA'S GONE--AN' WE'RE NEVER GONNA FIND HER.

RI'LL FIND HER.

WHADDA YOU MEAN YOU'LL FIND HER? YOU'VE BEEN SNIFFIN' AROUND OUT HERE FOR HOURS NOW AN'--

RASSES.

EXCUSE ME?

RELMA'S RASSES!

"RELMA'S RASSES"? WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU--

WAIT A MINUTE. YOU MEAN THAT THE GPS IN YOUR HEADSET IS KEYED IN TO VELMA'S GLASSES--

--AN' YOU CAN USE THAT TO LOCATE HER...?

RAT'S RIGHT.

*THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU DO THAT IN THE **FIRST** PLACE?! ARE YOU THAT STU--*

OH. WAIT.

YOU *TRIED* T'TELL ME, DIDN'T YOU?

RUH-HUH.

BUT I KEPT TELLIN' *YOU* T'SNIFF OUT HER TRAIL.

RUH-HUH.

AN' YOU'RE A LOYAL PUP WHO *ALWAYS* DOES WHAT I TELL YOU T'DO.

RUH-HUH.

AN' I'M THE BIGGEST IDIOT WHO EVER LIVED.

RUH-HUH.

HEY! YOU DON'T HAVE TO AGREE WITH *EVERYTHING* I SAY!

RUST KIDDING!

"SO DOES ANY OF THAT EXPLAIN HOW NANITES THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE HUMANS INTO OBEDIENT SLAVES--"

--SOMEHOW CHANGED EVERYBODY INTO WALKING NIGHTMARES?

POSSIBLE DANGERS OF THE NANITE PROGRAM

Although the advanced nanites developed for the Elysium Project have the potential to transform the planet for the better, we must remain aware, at all times, of the potential dangers of the program. Our unprecedented AI technology allows the nanite swarms, once released, to act with independence; adapting to environmental and other factors and making decisions that will create the swiftest path fulfillment of their fundamental progra

THAT'S THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS, ISN'T IT?

SO WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

NOT SURE-- BUT THIS LAST FILE VELMA WAS STUDYING WAS A REPORT ON THE POTENTIAL DANGERS OF THE PROGRAM.

WHAT KIND OF DANGERS?

APPARENTLY THE NANITES ARE RUN BY AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE CAPABLE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

THEY CAN *THINK?*

MAYBE NOT THE WAY WE DO, BUT... YES.

AND WHEN VELMA'S BROTHERS TAMPERED WITH THE PROGRAMMING, IT APPARENTLY *INCREASED* THAT ABILITY.

OFFICE

MEANING?

THIS IS JUST A GUESS--BUT WHAT IF THE *NANITES THEMSELVES* DECIDED TO ALTER THEIR MISSION?

LOOK, I KNOW WE CAN GIVE MACHINES THE CAPABILITY FOR SOME AUTONOMY--

--LIKE THOSE ARMY DRONES WE COVERED IN AN EPISODE OF *"DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"*--

--BUT THIS IS JUST CRAZY!

CRAZIER THAN WHAT WE'VE BEEN DEALING WITH THESE PAST FEW WEEKS?

GOOD POINT.

THE TECH VELMA WAS DEVELOPING FOR THE COMPLEX WAS FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN ANYTHING THE MILITARY HAD.

BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE!

EVEN IF THEY *WERE* THAT ADVANCED, WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT OF CREATING A PLANET OF MONSTERS?

I *DON'T KNOW,* FRED! BUT IF WE CAN FIND VELMA, HAVE HER SORT THROUGH THIS, SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO--

BRR-ING BRR-ING

IS THAT A...*PHONE* RINGING?

SURE SOUNDS LIKE IT. QUESTION IS--

"--SHOULD WE PICK IT UP?"

C'MON, C'MON-- *PICK UP!*

RANSWERING...?

NOT YET. MAYBE IT'S NOT EVEN THE RIGHT NUMBER. I MEAN, I ONLY GLANCED AT THAT OFFICE PHONE AN'--

HELLO? IS...*UH*...FRED HOME?

WHADDAYOU *MEAN* "WHO'S CALLIN'"? IT'S ME! SHAGGY!

WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS--A TELEMARKETER?

WHAT? WHERE DID I GET THE PHONE?

BELIEVE ME, YOU REALLY DON'T WANNA KNOW.

I'M JUST GLAD THIS BABY'S STILL CHARGED AN' WORKIN'.

HEY--THAT'D BE A PRETTY GOOD AD CAMPAIGN: "OUR PHONES AREN'T JUST WATERPROOF, THEY'RE *APOCALYPSE*-PROOF!" TOO BAD THAT--

HUH? WHAT AM I CALLIN' ABOUT? VELMA, OF COURSE!

SCOOBY CAN DO WHAT?

THEN WHY DIDN'T HE DO THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

OH.

YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT *WAS* PRETTY STUPID OF YOU. IN FACT, I--

YEAH, I'VE FINISHED THE TUNE-UP ON THE VAN.

SURE WE CAN PICK YOU UP. BUT STAY PUT AND DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE. YOU--

WHAT? I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S TIME FOR--

OKAY, OKAY--

"--WE'LL BRING SOME SANDWICHES!"

...I DON'T LIKE THIS.

CARE TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, FREDDY?

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW QUIET EVERYTHING IS? OUTSIDE OF THE OCCASIONAL DEAD BODY, THERE'S NO ONE AROUND.

THAT'S NOT OUR PROBLEM RIGHT NOW.

BUT IF EVERYONE'S BEEN MUTATED INTO MONSTERS--WHERE *ARE* THEY?

FAR, FAR AWAY, I HOPE.

WELL, I THINK IT'S DAMN PECULIAR.

SO YOU'D PREFER IT IF WE WERE UNDER ATTACK AGAIN?

NO.

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE IT IF WE FOUND VELMA DEAD--TORN, LIMB FROM LIMB, BY SOME MUTATED MONSTROSITY?

WOW. YOU'RE REALLY WORRIED ABOUT HER, AREN'T YOU?

I'M WORRIED ABOUT LOSING THE KNOWLEDGE LOCKED UP IN THAT GENIUS HEAD OF HERS.

DINKLEY'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FIND A WAY TO REVERSE THIS PLAGUE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER--

--WE'VE LOST ALL HOPE OF SAVING HUMANITY.

SO THIS HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT VELMA'S BECOME A FRIEND? THAT SHE ACTUALLY *MEANS* SOMETHING TO YOU?

SHE DOESN'T MEAN *ANYTHING* TO ME!

RIGHT.

"YOU KEEP *TELLING* YOURSELF THAT."

RUMMM RUMMM VOOOOOM VRROOOM

SIGH *WHY* DIDN'T I BRING A GUN?

VROOOOM ROOOOMMMM

OH WAIT. I KNOW WHY:

ROOOMM

SHRAKKK

I'M AN IDIOT!

THESE CREATURES MAY BE FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU ARE--BUT THEIR INTELLIGENCE APPEARS TO BE RUDIMENTARY, AT BEST.

THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR SELF-FLAGELLATION, VELMA! IF YOU HOPE TO SURVIVE THIS ASSAULT, YOU HAVE TO FOCUS.

ROWWRR

SURELY YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, CAN DEVISE A WAY TO DEFEAT THEM--

--PROVIDING, OF COURSE, THAT THIS CAR REMAINS--

WUDDA-THUMP- WUDDA-THUMP- THUMP

VROOOOM

SKREEEE

KRRAAASH

ROWWWRR

--INTACT.

RUMMM

TOOOOM

SO THIS IS THE WAY IT ENDS: HOW HORRIBLY APPROPRIATE.

AFTER ALL I'VE DONE... AFTER THE LEGACY OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION I'VE LEFT BEHIND--

--I DESERVE THIS.

DO YOU *HEAR* ME, YOU VILE GROTESQUERY!

I DESERVE THI--

BA-DAMM

SPLAAKT

DON'T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR MOUTH HANGIN' OPEN, DOC--

--RUN!!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY ARE YOU SAVING ME?

BLAM BLAM

WILL YOU SHUT UP--

--SO I CAN CONCENTRATE ON TAKING THOSE THINGS DOWN?

RELMA...?

I'M FINE, SCOOBY.

ALTHOUGH I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANY OF YOU WOULD CARE.

WE CARE BECAUSE WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS.

THAT'S NOT VERY FUNNY.

IT'S NOT A JOKE.

YOU'RE A LUCKY LADY, DOC.

WITHOUT YOUR LINK TO SCOOBY-DOO'S HEADSET WE NEVER WOULD'VE FOUND YOU--AND YOU'D BE ROADKILL RIGHT NOW.

MONSTER TRUCKS. *LITERALLY.* CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN.

WHERE'S FRED?

IN THE VAN. HE CAN'T WALK VERY WELL, BUT HE CAN DRIVE LIKE A DEMON.

I PRESUME YOU READ THE DOCUMENTS ON THE LAPTOP?

YOU PRESUME CORRECTLY.

SO YOU KNOW THAT ALL OF THIS...IS BECAUSE OF ME. I DESIGNED THE NANITES.

I UNLEASHED THIS HELL.

THE QUESTION IS--

--WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

IS THAT WHY YOU CAME AFTER ME? TO PUNISH ME? MAKE ME PAY FOR WHAT I'VE DONE?

AND DON'T YOU *EVER* DO ANYTHING LIKE THIS *AGAIN!!*

UM... OKAY...?

YOU DO KNOW IT'S OKAY TO HUG ME BACK, RIGHT?

PHYSICAL INTIMACY HAS NEVER BEEN MY FORTE.

BUT I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.

AN' ME WITHOUT A *CAMERA!*

I'M STILL MORE THAN A LITTLE CONFUSED. AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE--

YOUR INTENTIONS, HOWEVER MISGUIDED, WERE NOBLE. DOESN'T MEAN YOU DON'T BEAR SOME RESPONSIBILITY, BUT THE PAST IS THE PAST.

SO...AH...WHAT ABOUT THE PRESENT?

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WE *SAVE THE WORLD.*

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

A SCOOBY APOCALYPSE BONUS FEATURE

VIEW FROM THE TOWER

WHAT A GODDAMN MESS.

AND I HAVE MY IDIOT FAMILY TO BLAME FOR IT.

GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS: writers JAN DUURSEMA: artist
HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: asst. editor MARIE JAVINS: group editor

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE MY BROTHERS.

WITH OUR MOTHER ALWAYS OFF NURSING HER ALLEGED NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS AND OUR FATHER TERMINALLY SELF-INVOLVED...

...WE FORMED AN UNBREAKABLE BOND.

DINKLEY

WE WERE *THE FOUR.* BORN TO PRIVILEGE AND POWER. MEANT, SO DADDY TOLD US (ON THOSE DAYS HE DEIGNED TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR EXISTENCE)...

...TO BE KINGS OF THE WORLD.

WE EACH CLIMBED THE LADDER OF SUCCESS. CLIMBED? NO, WE DIDN'T NEED LADDERS.

WE *FLEW* TO THE TOP OF OUR CHOSEN FIELDS.

HUGO WAS AN ARMY GENERAL, CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF.

CHEEVES ROSE TO BE ONE OF THE MOST BELOVED, AND INFLUENTIAL, SENATORS IN THE COUNTRY.

QUENTON JOINED THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICES, IN A ROLE SO CRITICAL, AND SO SENSITIVE, THAT HE HAD NO PUBLIC TITLE.

PENTHOUSE

AND ME-- *RUFUS T. DINKLEY?*

WELL, I'M SIMPLY THE GREATEST BUSINESSMAN WHO EVER LIVED.

WE DINKLEY BROTHERS HAD UNSHAKABLE FAITH IN OURSELVES AND IN OUR DESTINIES. BUT I SUSPECT...

...THAT DESTINY'S LAUGHING HER ASS OFF RIGHT NOW.

THE COMPLEX SOUNDED LIKE A SPLENDID IDEA WHEN WE CONCEIVED IT.

WELL, *THEY* CONCEIVED IT, BUT THE BOYS NEEDED MY FORTUNE TO MAKE IT A REALITY.

RUFUS...?

IT WAS BORN OF IDEALS: MY BROTHERS', NOT MINE. I'M FAR TOO PRAGMATIC TO NURTURE DREAMS OF A BETTER WORLD.

RUFUS...?

BUT IF THEIR DREAMS COULD FURTHER ENRICH ME? EXPAND MY EMPIRE? GIVE ME MORE CONTROL OF THE BRAINLESS RABBLE OUT THERE? WELL, THEN I--

RUFUS!

SIGH WHY ARE YOU INTERRUPTING ME, *DAISY?*

DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW THAT THIS IS THE TIME OF DAY WHEN I INDULGE IN LENGTHY INNER MONOLOGUES?

I'M SO SORRY, DARLING-DEAREST--BUT IT'S *DOCTOR KAPOOR.* HE'S ACTING UP AGAIN.

WHY ARE ALL THESE GENIUSES SO HIGH-STRUNG?

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN *VELMA!*

MY GOD! A BIGGER BUNDLE OF NERVES AND NEUROSES NEVER EXISTED!

BUT MY ANNOYING SISTER'S DEAD NOW...OR WORSE. AND KAPOOR'S OUR BEST HOPE OF BEATING THIS THING.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE CAN REVERSE THE PLAGUE, DARLING-DEAREST?

I...I KNOW THE TOWER'S SECURE, BUT THOSE CREATURES WILL FIND A WAY IN EVENTUALLY AND THEN--

DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT IT. GO POUR YOURSELF A MARTINI, TOSS BACK ANOTHER HANDFUL OF VALIUM--

--AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS.

AND I'D BETTER DO IT QUICKLY. THE SERVANTS HAVE MUTATED. THE FOOD STOCKS ARE GETTING LOW. MY TOUPEE IS IN SERIOUS NEED OF TENDING.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF *PROJECT ELYSIUM.*

Pate

Beluga

Beluga

Beluga CAVIAR

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO LISTEN TO VELMA'S RANTINGS. I TOLD THE BOYS WE SHOULD SCRAP THE PROJECT. BUT NO...

IS THERE A PROBLEM, *MANDIP?* IS THE COMPUTER'S VOICE ACTIVATION NOT FUNCTIONING?

...THEY DECIDED TO "IMPROVE" IT.

AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT US.

A PROBLEM? OF *COURSE* THERE'S A PROBLEM! Y-YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING ME PRISONER HERE FOR WEEKS! YOU'VE--

WHINE, WHINE, WHINE.

YOU WERE ONE OF THE COMPLEX'S GREATEST MINDS, DOCTOR. I WANT *SOLUTIONS.* AND IF YOU WON'T PROVIDE THEM, THEN--

DON'T GO! PLEASE! I'M HUNGRY! I'M TIRED! I'M--

A MISERABLE FAILURE.

GIVE ME SOMETHING OF *VALUE,* MANDIP.

SOMETHING THAT WILL EXPLAIN WHY THIS HAPPENED-- AND HOW WE CAN FIND A WAY OUT.

BUT...I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT! I NEED REST! FOOD! I--

AND YOU'LL GET THOSE THINGS--

--AFTER YOU DO WHAT I'M ASKING.

BUT REVERSING THE PLAGUE...I-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HONESTLY, AT THIS POINT I DON'T EVEN CARE ABOUT REVERSING IT. I WANT TO *CONTROL* THOSE BEASTS OUT THERE.

GIVE ME POWER OVER THEM, DOCTOR, SO THAT I CAN--

RUFUS...?

SIGH NOW WHAT?

I WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I'VE TAKEN MY PILLS AND I'M GOING TO HAVE A REST.

THAT'S GOOD. WHY DON'T YOU WATCH A NICE, RELAXING MOVIE OR--BETTER YET--REREAD MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

A WONDERFUL IDEA, DARLING-DEAREST.

FUNNY THING IS, I WAS PLANNING ON DIVORCING DAISY BEFORE THIS DAMN PLAGUE HAPPENED. SHE WAS EXHIBITING DISTURBING SIGNS OF INTELLIGENCE AND AUTONOMY.

BUT NOW SHE INTRIGUES ME. WHY DIDN'T SHE TRANSFORM LIKE THE REST OF THEM? FOR THAT MATTER, WHY DIDN'T *WE?*

I DON'T KNOW!

IT'S YOUR JOB TO KNOW!!

SLAM SLAM SLAM

RUNCH KRAAK

YOU *DO* REALIZE THAT THIS SUIT COST MORE THAN THE COMPLEX PAID YOU IN A MONTH?

AND NOW LOOK AT IT--RUINED! ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR INABILITY TO RISE TO A CHALLENGE! I DON'T KNOW WHY I--

UH... MANDIP?

DOCTOR KAPOOR?

DEAD.

OH WELL. IT'S A GOOD THING I'VE GOT ANOTHER SCIENTIST TUCKED AWAY UP HERE.

NOW IF I CAN JUST REMEMBER WHERE I *PUT* HER.

...SO HOW DO YOU THINK THEY DID IT?

HOW DID YOUR BROTHERS ALTER YOUR ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE NANITES?

HOW DID *WHO* DO *WHAT?*

THAT'S NOT THE PERTINENT QUESTION, *DAPHNE.*

IT'S NOT?

NO. *MY* VISION WAS TO USE THE NANITES TO WEED OUT THE BASER INSTINCTS IN HUMANITY--

AND PLEASE DON'T LAUNCH INTO ANOTHER LECTURE ABOUT MY HUBRIS. I KNOW THEM ALL BY HEART.

--WHILE MY SIBLINGS ATTEMPTED TO USE THE TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE A WORLD OF EASILY CONTROLLED SHEEP WHO WOULD MINDLESSLY DO THEIR BIDDING.

--MY BROTHERS INADVERTENTLY AMPLIFIED THE NANITES' ALREADY FORMIDABLE CAPACITY FOR *INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

SO MUCH THAT THEY COULD ACTUALLY CHANGE THEIR MISSION...?

THAT IS THE PERTINENT QUESTION.

AND I'M HOPING RUFUS WILL HELP US FIND THE ANSWER.

BUT WE KNOW ALL THAT, *VELMA.*

EXACTLY. WHAT WE *DON'T* KNOW IS WHY, WHEN THE NANITES WERE DISPERSED, THEY INSTEAD INFECTED THE POPULACE WITH A *TOXIC PLAGUE--*

--THAT MUTATED EVERYONE--WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS--INTO GROTESQUE, SAVAGE MONSTROSITIES.

THE FILES I UNCOVERED ON THAT LAPTOP INDICATE THAT, WHILE THEY WERE OVERWRITING THE NANITES' PROGRAMMING--

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE?

RUFUS HAS NO THOUGHT, NO FEELING, FOR ANYONE BUT HIMSELF. AND THAT LASER-FOCUSED NARCISSISM HAS MADE HIM A SURVIVOR--IN BUSINESS AND IN LIFE.

BUT I THOUGHT YOUR BROTHERS WERE DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER.

OH, RUFUS CARES ABOUT THE OTHER THREE, IN HIS WARPED WAY. HE WAS QUITE EAGER TO JOIN THEM IN ESTABLISHING *THE COMPLEX.*

BUT HE'D BETRAY THEM--BETRAY ANYONE--IN A HEARTBEAT IF HE VIEWED THEM AS A THREAT TO HIS SELF-INTEREST.

SO IF HE'S SUCH A WEASEL--WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

GIVEN THAT WE WERE IN CALIFORNIA, SEATTLE DID SEEM LIKE THE LOGICAL FIRST STOP IN OUR SEARCH FOR *THE FOUR.*

AND, YES, RUFUS IS A WEASEL. BUT, LIKE IT OR NOT--

"--HE'S THE WEASEL WE *NEED.*"

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

FAMILY REUNION

EXPRESS LANES 1/2 MILE

EXIT 165 Seneca St 3/4 MILE

5N Everett Vancouver B.C.

WELL, *THAT'S* A CREEPY SIGHT.

AN ENTIRE CITY--SILENT AND DEAD.

NOT TOO LATE T'TURN BACK.

YOU REALLY THINK DAPH'S GONNA LET US DO THAT?

SO WE'RE GOIN' IN?

WE'RE GOING IN.

RUH-ROH.

PRECISELY.

CELEBRATING ONE YEAR OF APOCALYPTIC ANTICS WITH THOSE MASTERS OF MACABRE MONKEY BUSINESS--

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers
DALE EAGLESHAM and TOM DERENICK art
HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
HOWARD PORTER and HI-FI: main cover
BRITTANY HOLZHERR: assoc. editor
MARIE JAVINS: benevolent overlord

WELL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE--THERE ARE NO BEASTIES OUT THERE.

WHICH IS WEIRD, RIGHT?

WHEN WE FIRST LEFT THE COMPLEX, WE WERE RUNNING INTO THOSE THINGS EVERY TEN FEET, BUT LATELY...?

I MEAN--WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?

FLORIDA?

I'M SERIOUS, *SHAGGY.*

ARE YOU REALLY COMPLAININ' ABOUT THE FACT THAT NO MONSTERS ARE TRYIN' T'EAT OUR LIVERS?

I'M NOT COMPLAINING, I'M JUST... WONDERING.

MAYBE IT HAS SOMETHIN' T'DO WITH THE PLAGUE.

COULD BE A HUMAN BODY CAN'T SUSTAIN THE TRANSFORMATION AN', AFTER A WHILE, THOSE BEASTIES JUST--

JUST WHAT? DISINTEGRATE? VANISH INTO THIN AIR?

CONSIDERIN' EVERYTHING WE'VE SEEN, *FRED*--

--IS THAT, LIKE, SO FAR-FETCHED?

WE *HAVE* SEEN SOME TRULY WEIRD STUFF, HAVEN'T WE?

AND THE WEIRDEST MIGHT BE DAPHNE AND VELMA ACTING AS IF THEY ACTUALLY LIKE EACH OTHER.

I'M THE KINDA GUY WHO BELIEVES IN MIRACLES--

--BUT THAT'S A STRETCH EVEN FOR ME!

BE PATIENT. I'M SURE ONE OF THEM WILL MELT DOWN SOONER THAN LATER.

OR MAYBE NOT.

MAYBE--AFTER THE HELL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THESE PAST WEEKS--ALL OF US--

--ARE ACTUALLY BECOMING FRIENDS.

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DUDE. Y'KNOW, FOR A LONG TIME *SCOOBY-DOO* HAS BEEN MY ONLY REAL BUDDY--

--BUT NOW...NOW IT'S LIKE I'VE... *WE'VE*...FOUND OURSELVES A FAMILY.

RAT'S RIGHT!

YOU'RE NOT CRYING, ARE YOU?

CAN'T HELP IT, DUDE.

"I'M A DEEP FEELIN' KINDA GUY!"

...YOU SEE ANYTHING INTERESTING OUT THERE?

MILES AND MILES OF NOTHING.

HOW ABOUT YOU TWO?

LAPTOP'S RUNNING LOW, SO WE'RE CHARGING IT UP IN THE *MYSTERY MACHINE.*

THAT'S ONE HELLUVA GENERATOR *DR. KREBS* PUT IN THERE.

YEAH-- KREBSIE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING.

CRAZY OL' DUDE THOUGHT THE END OF THE WORLD WAS COMIN' AN' HE WANTED T'BUILD A FLEET OF THESE THINGS T'HELP PEOPLE SURVIVE.

I USED TO KID HIM ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME. Y'KNOW--

--BEFORE HE WAS TORN T'PIECES BY MONSTERS.

WHAT A WORLD, *HUH?*

A WORLD WE'RE GOING TO FIX.

AND HOW, EXACTLY, ARE WE GOING TO DO THAT?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, I NEED A LAB.

AND WHERE, EXACTLY, ARE WE GOING TO FIND ONE?

THE COMPLEX.

BUT WE'VE JUST SPENT WEEKS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COMPLEX.

THAT'S *ONE* COMPLEX, DUDE, BUT THERE ARE *OTHERS,* REMEMBER?

AND EVEN VELMA'S NOT SURE WHERE SOME OF THEM ARE.

YEAH, BUT I'LL BET HER *BROTHER* DOES.

IF HE'S ALIVE. OR STILL HUMAN. OR--

STOP BEIN' SUCH A BUMMER, FREDSTER--AN' GET IN THE VAN.

"IT'S TIME FOR A LEISURELY DRIVE THROUGH SCENIC SEATTLE!"

WATCH THIS, *DAISY* MY LOVE.

RUFUS-- DO YOU HAVE TO?

OF COURSE I DO. NOW WATCH: I TAKE CAREFUL AIM, SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND--

P-KOW

BUT ALL YOU'VE DONE IS M-MAKE THE CREATURE ANGRY! AND DRAWN THE ATTENTION OF THE OTHERS! YOU--

MAKE IT ANGRY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I *KILLED* THE BEAST!

NO, RUFUS, Y-YOU JUST WOUNDED IT AND THAT WILL--

I SAID I KILLED IT, DAMMIT, AND IF RUFUS T. DINKLEY SAYS IT--IT'S TRUE!

D-DON'T YELL, RUFUS. PLEASE. I--

DID I KILL IT...OR DIDN'T I?

YES, DARLING-DEAREST, YOU DID. A PERFECT SHOT.

WHY, THANK YOU, MY LOVE.

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OTHER BEASTS BEING AGITATED. THE TOWER IS WELL FORTIFIED. THEY'LL NEVER GET IN.

ALTHOUGH, CONSIDERING HOW THEY'VE BEEN ACTING LATELY, MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THEM IN.

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT!

RUFUS T. DINKLEY ALWAYS MEANS WHAT HE SAYS--

--UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T.

THAT'S THE PREROGATIVE OF A GREAT GENIUS LIKE ME, DAISY: I CAN CHANGE WHAT I THINK, WHAT I FEEL, FROM DAY TO DAY--

--AND YET, EVEN WHEN I CONTRADICT MYSELF, I'M *ALWAYS RIGHT!*

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO CHECK ON *DR. KAPOOR* AND SEE HOW HE'S PROGRESSING WITH--

REMEMBER WHAT?

I DID?

YOU...YOU KILLED HIM.

BUT...*AH*... DON'T YOU REMEMBER, DARLING-DEAREST?

WELL, THEN, I MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON FOR IT.

SIGH NOT TO WORRY, MY LOVE, WE'VE STILL GOT THE OTHER ONE. WHAT WAS HER NAME...*DR. WILLIAMS?*

CASSIDY WAS QUITE A SHINING STAR AT THE COMPLEX... WORKED VERY CLOSELY WITH VELMA...FANTASTIC MIND...AND I'M SURE SHE--

BUT...YOU KILLED HER, *TOO,* RUFUS. YOU--

YOU'RE *UPSETTING ME, DAISY!*

KRAAK

YOU KNOW I HATE IT WHEN YOU UPSET ME.

I-I'M SORRY, DARLING-DEAREST. I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

YOU'VE BEEN CUTTING DOWN ON YOUR *PILLS,* HAVEN'T YOU? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT YOU'RE TOO HIGH-STRUNG AND YOU--

BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO TAKE THEM ANYMORE, RUFUS! I GET TOO CONFUSED! TOO--

TAKE THE DAMN PILLS!

Y-YES, DARLING-DEAREST.

"WHATEVER YOU SAY."

WELL, WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET THROUGH THAT.

CONSIDERING THE STATE OF THIS CITY, WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL THE VAN GOT *THIS* FAR.

SO WHADDA WE DO NOW?

WE WALK.

ACCORDING TO THE GPS IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE, OUR DESTINATION'S JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.

RUFUS DINKLEY, WORLD-FAMOUS BUSINESSMAN AND CORPORATE ASS-HAT, IS YOUR BROTHER!

ALL THAT TIME WE WORKED TOGETHER, VELM, AND I NEVER MADE THE CONNECTION.

IT'S NOT SOMETHING I EVER FELT EVEN THE FAINTEST NEED TO BOAST ABOUT.

WELL, I GUESS WE SHOULD GET GOING AND--

"WE"? YOUR LEG'S STILL BUSTED UP. YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!

OH REALLY? AND WHEN DID *YOU* BECOME THE CAPTAIN OF THIS STARSHIP?

HE'S NOT. *I* AM. AND I SAY YOU'RE STAYING. WE CAN'T HAVE YOU SLOWING US DOWN.

BUT I'M FINE! I--

NO! STAY WITH THE VAN. WE MAY HAVE TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT AND WE NEED THE MYSTERY MACHINE READY TO RUN.

AND STAY ALERT! YOU'VE ALMOST DIED *TWICE* THESE PAST FEW WEEKS AND I CAN'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!

I LOVE YOU, TOO, DAPH.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.
NO, IT WASN'T!
YES, IT WAS!
YES, IT WAS!
OH DEAR *GOD*, KILL ME NOW.
KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE, DOC--
--OR YOU JUST MIGHT GET YOUR WISH!
POWER'S STILL ON IN PARTS OF THE CITY.
THE POWER GRID IS HIGHLY EFFICIENT. STILL, IT WON'T LAST FOREVER.
WELL, I DON'T EXPECT TO BE HERE FOREVER, SO--
LOOK!
THERE IT IS!
DINKLEY TOWER!
YEAH, THE SOLID GOLD NAME ON THE FRONT KIND OF GAVE IT AWAY.
WELL, LET'S GET OUR ASSES IN THERE! WE COULD BE ATTACKED AT ANY MOMENT!
RO RONSTERS!
UNLESS, LIKE, MY THEORY'S RIGHT AN' THEY REALLY *HAVE* ALL DISINTEGRATED!
HIGHLY UNLIKELY, SHAGGY.
I HAVE MY *OWN* THEORY AS TO WHY MONSTER SIGHTINGS HAVE BEEN SCARCE.
AND THAT IS...?
I KNOW WE HAVEN'T *SEEN* ANY MONSTERS, SCOOB, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY AREN'T AROUND.
HIVE-MIND MENTALITY.
MEANING...?
MEANING THE VARIOUS SPECIES HAVE SOMEHOW LINKED UP, AND THEY'RE MIGRATING.
WAIT, WAIT: YOU THINK THESE THINGS ARE COMMUNICATING WITH EACH OTHER? WORKING TOGETHER?
IT'S ONLY A THEORY.
YEAH--

--AND A DAMN DISTURBING ONE AT THAT!

HEY, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WORRIES WITHOUT FREAKIN' OUT ABOUT--

RRRRR...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SCOOB? WHY'RE YOU--?

ZOINKS--!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

IT...IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SHRINE.

TO *WHAT?*

DID HUMANS DO THIS AS A WAY TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE *MONSTERS?* OR DID THE MONSTERS DO THIS TO--

WE NEED TO GET CLOSER!

NO, WE DON'T!

YOU'RE NOT GONNA GO ROOTING THROUGH DEAD BODIES AGAIN, ARE YOU?

IT'S CALLED SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

IT'S CALLED *DISGUSTING.*

THE BODIES ARE STILL WARM! THIS IS RECENT!

AND HOW, EXACTLY, DOES THAT INFORMATION HELP US?

WELL, FOR ONE THING--IT MEANS WE'RE NOT ALONE IN THIS CITY.

OKAY, BACK TO THE MYSTERY MACHINE! WOMEN AND COWARDS FIRST!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.

I *DON'T?*

FOR ONE THING, SHAGGY, FOR ALL YOUR PROTESTATIONS, YOU'RE NOT A COWARD. FOR ANOTHER--

--WE'VE COME THIS FAR AND WE CAN'T TURN BACK. NOT UNTIL WE'VE DETERMINED IF MY BROTHER IS ALIVE.

YOU KNOW THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE A HORDE OF BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES IS WAITING FOR US IN THERE.

YOU THREE CAN WAIT OUT HERE IF YOU'D LIKE--

"--BUT *I'M GOING IN!*"

"STAY WITH THE VAN, FRED. YOU'LL JUST SLOW US DOWN!"

HUMPH! JUST BECAUSE I'M LIMPING A LITTLE DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HOLD MY OWN!

BUT DAPHNE...THERE'S NO ARGUING WITH HER!

MAN, SHE IS THE *BOSSIEST* WOMAN I'VE EVER MET IN MY LIFE!

WELL, NEXT TO MY MOTHER.

OH MY *GOD!* IS *THAT* IT? I'M ATTRACTED TO DAPHNE BECAUSE SHE REMINDS ME OF MY *MOTHER...?*

NO, NO, NO, NO-- THAT'S NOT TRUE!

AND, ANYWAY, IT'S NOT BOSSINESS, IT'S RESILIENCE. COURAGE. DAPH'S ONE OF THE STRONGEST WOMEN...ONE OF THE STRONGEST *PEOPLE...* I'VE EVER KNOWN. A NATURAL-BORN LEADER.

BUT SHE'S ALSO KIND. GENEROUS. EVERYTHING I'VE EVER--

TUMP... TUMP... TUMP...

WAIT. WHAT *IS* THAT? SOUNDS LIKE...LIKE MARCHING OR--

TUMP...TUMP... TUMP...TUMP

TUMP... TUMP...

HOLY *CRAP!*

TUMP... TUMP... TUMP...

TUMP... TUMP...

TUMP... TUMP... TUMP...

ROWWWRRRR!!

TUMP TUMP

TUMP TUMP TUMP

"WE ARE SO SCREWED!"
NO MONSTERS IN HERE.
YET.
IF YOUR BROTHER'S ALIVE, HE'D NEED SOME KIND OF SECURITY SYSTEM TO KEEP THOSE BEASTS OUT.
AND I'M SURE IT'S A VERY SOPHISTICATED ONE.
SO, LIKE, WHY HAVEN'T WE SET OFF ANY ALARMS?
JUST BECAUSE WE DON'T HEAR ANYTHING, DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVEN'T.
KNOWING RUFUS, HE'S PROBABLY WATCHING US RIGHT NOW.
RUFUS? WHAT KINDA NAME IS THAT?
AN ODD QUESTION COMING FROM YOU, *NORVILLE.* BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS A RATHER LOVELY NAME. *TOO* LOVELY--
--FOR AN ARROGANT BULLY AND BRAGGART LIKE MY BROTHER.
UH...IF HE'S WATCHING US, HE PROBABLY HEARD YOU SAY THAT.
OH, MY BROTHER KNOWS EXACTLY HOW I FEEL ABOUT HIM. AND I KNOW EXACTLY HOW HE FEELS ABOUT ME.
AND HOW *DOES* HE FEEL?
HE VIEWS ME AS A FRAGILE, NEUROTIC, SOCIALLY AWKWARD GNAT, UNWORTHY OF HIS TIME AND ATTENTION.
GLAD YOU TWO ARE SO CLOSE.
CLOSENESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. WE'RE FAMILY. AND, MORE IMPORTANT--
--WE'RE *EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE* FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD.
NO, YOU'RE NOT! YOU WANTED TO *HELP* PEOPLE, VELMA, BUT YOUR BROTHERS--

"--WANTED TO *CONTROL* THEM!"

HUGO, HUGO, *HUGO.*

MILITARY HERO--CHEST COVERED IN MEDALS--AND YET YOU TOOK THE COWARD'S WAY OUT.

MY OWN BROTHER-- A PATHETIC SUICIDE.

WHAT WAS IT THAT DROVE YOU TO SUCH DESPERATE ENDS? FEAR OF RETRIBUTION? GUILT OVER WHAT YOU'D DONE?

OR DID THE NEW WORLD YOU HELPED CREATE SIMPLY HORRIFY YOU SO MUCH THAT YOUR MIND BROKE?

SIGH I THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN THIS. BUT IT SEEMS I'M THE ONLY DINKLEY WITH THE FORTITUDE TO SURVIVE THIS--

RUFUS...?

HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT ME AGAIN? WASN'T ONE BEATING ENOUGH FOR YOU?

BUT TH-THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH THE MONITORING SYSTEM. IT'S MAKING AN... ODD NOISE.

PROBABLY A RAT SCROUNGING AROUND IN THE LOBBY. NOTHING TO--

WAIT. DO YOU *HEAR* THAT?

OH NO. *THEY'RE BACK!*

THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW? I THINK I'VE SPARKED A MOVEMENT!

A MOVEMENT? THEY'RE MINDLESS RAGING BEASTS!

TRUE--

--BUT THEY'RE MY BEASTS.

I...I KNOW THAT'S HOW YOU SEE IT, DARLING-DEAREST. BUT WE DON'T REALLY KNOW *WHAT* THEY'RE DOING OUT THERE.

THEY COULD BE PLANNING TO *ATTACK* US OR--

ATTACK? LOOK AT THEM, YOU BRAINLESS IDIOT! LISTEN TO THEM! MY *GOD*--

"--THEY *LOVE* ME!"

...TWENTY-SIX FLIGHTS? I STILL *PANT* SAY WE SHOULD HAVE *PANT* TAKEN THE ELEVATOR.

REALLY? *PANT* AND BE TRAPPED IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE? WHATEVER'S *PANT* IN THIS BUILDING--

--I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES IN THE *PANT* OPEN. AND ANYWAY--

--WE'RE HERE.

NOT MUCH OF A BARRICADE.

WELL, IF RUFUS IS CONFIDENT THAT HIS DEFENSES CAN KEEP THE CREATURES OUT, THEN THIS WOULD BE SUFFICIENT.

OR IT'S JUST SOME OLD JUNK PILED UP OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF AN EMPTY APARTMENT.

LET'S FIND OUT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO--JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR?

IT SEEMS THE OBVIOUS CHOICE.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

...EXTRAORDINARY, ISN'T IT? EVEN IN THEIR PRIMITIVE, SAVAGE STATE THEY STILL RECOGNIZE MY GREATNESS! I WONDER IF I SHOULD WAVE TO THEM OR MAKE A SPEE--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

WAS THAT...?

YES.

BUT... HOW?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S...?
MONSTERS DON'T KNOCK.
THEN WHO?
HMMM. PERHAPS THIS EXPLAINS WHAT YOU HEARD BEFORE.
OUR SECURITY SYSTEM IS PROGRAMMED TO RECOGNIZE MUTATED HUMANS AND ELIMINATE THEM--
--BUT *NON*-MUTATES ARE SIMPLY SCANNED AND OBSERVED.
MAYBE... MAYBE THERE ARE OTHER SURVIVORS!
A HUNGRY, DESPERATE RABBLE-- LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME FOR THEIR MISFORTUNE...? NOT VERY APPEALING.
OF COURSE, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
NO ANSWER.
MAYBE HE GOT OUT BEFORE IT HIT. I'M SURE MY BROTHERS HAD BUNKERS PREPARED IN CASE--
UH... *HELLO...?*
THAT...THAT SOUNDS LIKE DAISY--RUFUS' SEVENTH WIFE!
OR IS IT *EIGHTH?*
DOES IT MATTER?!
DAISY? DAISY--IT'S ME! VELMA DINKLEY-- YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW!
HOW...HOW DO WE KNOW IT'S REALLY HER?
OH, I'D KNOW THAT IRRITATING VOICE ANYWHERE.
MAYBE SHE'S HERE TO HELP US. SAVE US! SHE--
OPEN THE DOOR AND THEN GET CLEAR.
WHAT?
CH-CHAK
SIGH ARE YOU SO DIM THAT YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND A SIMPLE INSTRUCTION?
OPEN THE DAMN DOOR--

"--AND GET CLEAR!"

BLAM BLAM BLAM

WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA.

ANOTHER FUN-FILLED SCRAPPY-DOO SOLO ADVENTURE!

BOY MEETS DOG!

GIFFEN & DEMATTEIS: WRITERS JAN DUURSEMA: ART HI-FI: COLORS
TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS BRITTANY HOLZHERR: ASSOC. EDITOR MARIE JAVINS: GROUP EDITOR

KRAASH

DELI

RARRRRRR!

GROWWWR!

HUNNNGH?

RUMMFFF

HURRRK...?

CHAAAA!

MMY FLAKES

OWR! GRRRR! SHRRIP!

SHEKK!

HUHH?!

SHRIPPPP!

SPLAKK!

CHRRROMP!

KRAAAK

THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!

ENJOY YOUR DIN-DIN, BOYS-- BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT! WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK ON THE ROAD AND--

=SOB WHIMPER=

WHAT THE HELL IS--?

A *HUMAN* PUP!

AND A *NON-MUTATED* ONE, AT THAT!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?

I...I... I...I...I...

I SAID-- *WHAT'S YOUR NAME?*

M-M-MY NAME'S *CLIFFY* AN'...AN' I'M ALL ALONE! MY MOM AN' DAD AN' SISTER... SOMETHING *BAD* HAPPENED T'THEM AN'--

AN' YOU WON'T HURT ME...WILL YOU? Y-YOU'RE--

YOU'RE A *GOOD DOG*-- JUST LIKE MY *BUSTER* WAS, B-BEFORE THE MONSTERS--

CHOMP

OMP

SHLURRP

OMP OMP

CLIFFY, HUH?

YEAH.

MY NAME'S SCRAPPY. *SCRAPPY-DOO.* AND YOU KNOW WHAT, KID?

WH-WHAT?

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A *PET.*

AND IT LOOKS LIKE *YOU'RE IT.*

THE END
(FOR NOW)

VARIANT COVER GALLERY

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #7 variant cover by STEVE EPTING

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #8 variant cover by IVAN REIS, OCLAIR ALBERT and MARCELO MAIOLO

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #9 variant cover by RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #10 variant cover by YANICK PAQUETTE and TOMEU MOREY

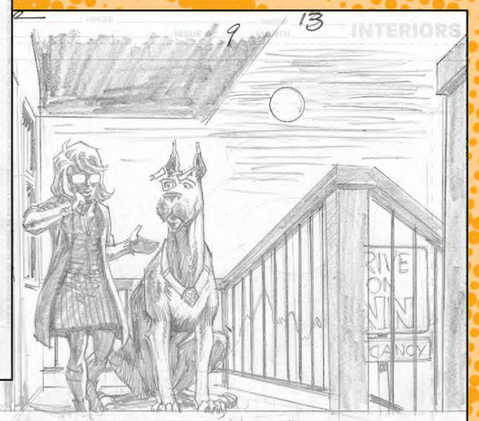
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #11 variant cover by KENNETH ROCAFORT

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #12 variant cover by PAUL GULACY and RAIN BEREDO

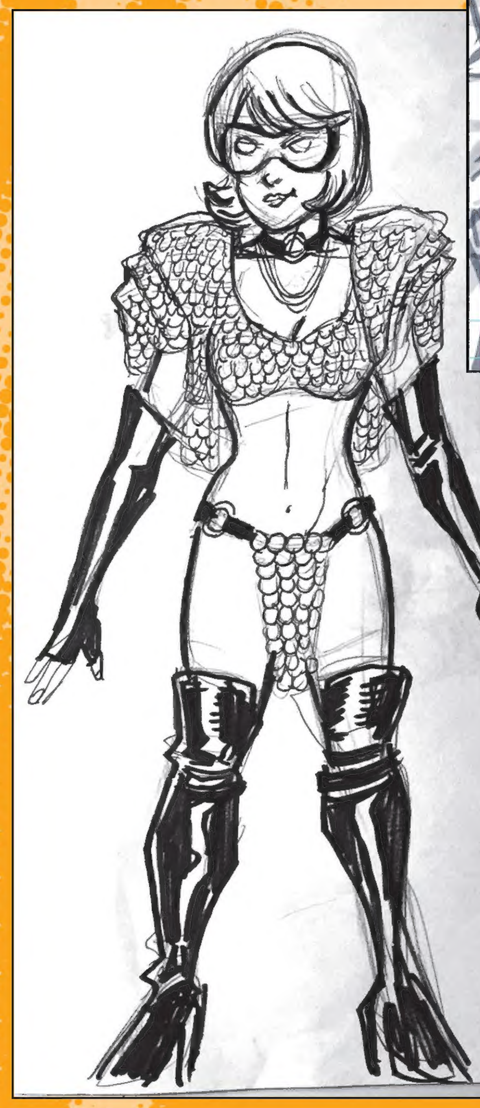
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #8 variant cover sketch by IVAN REIS

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #9 inks by DALE EAGLESHAM

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #9 pencils and layouts by RON WAGNER

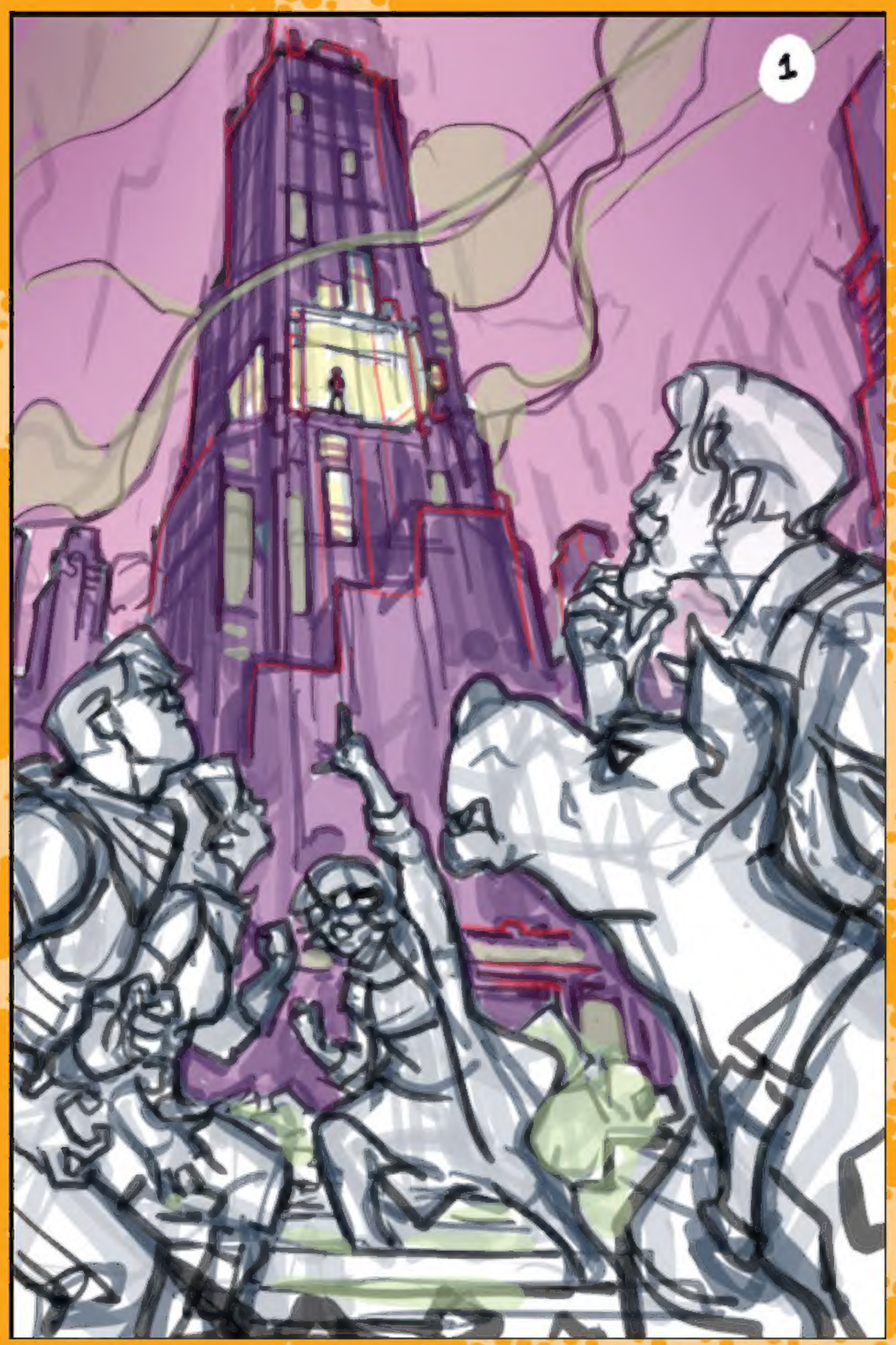


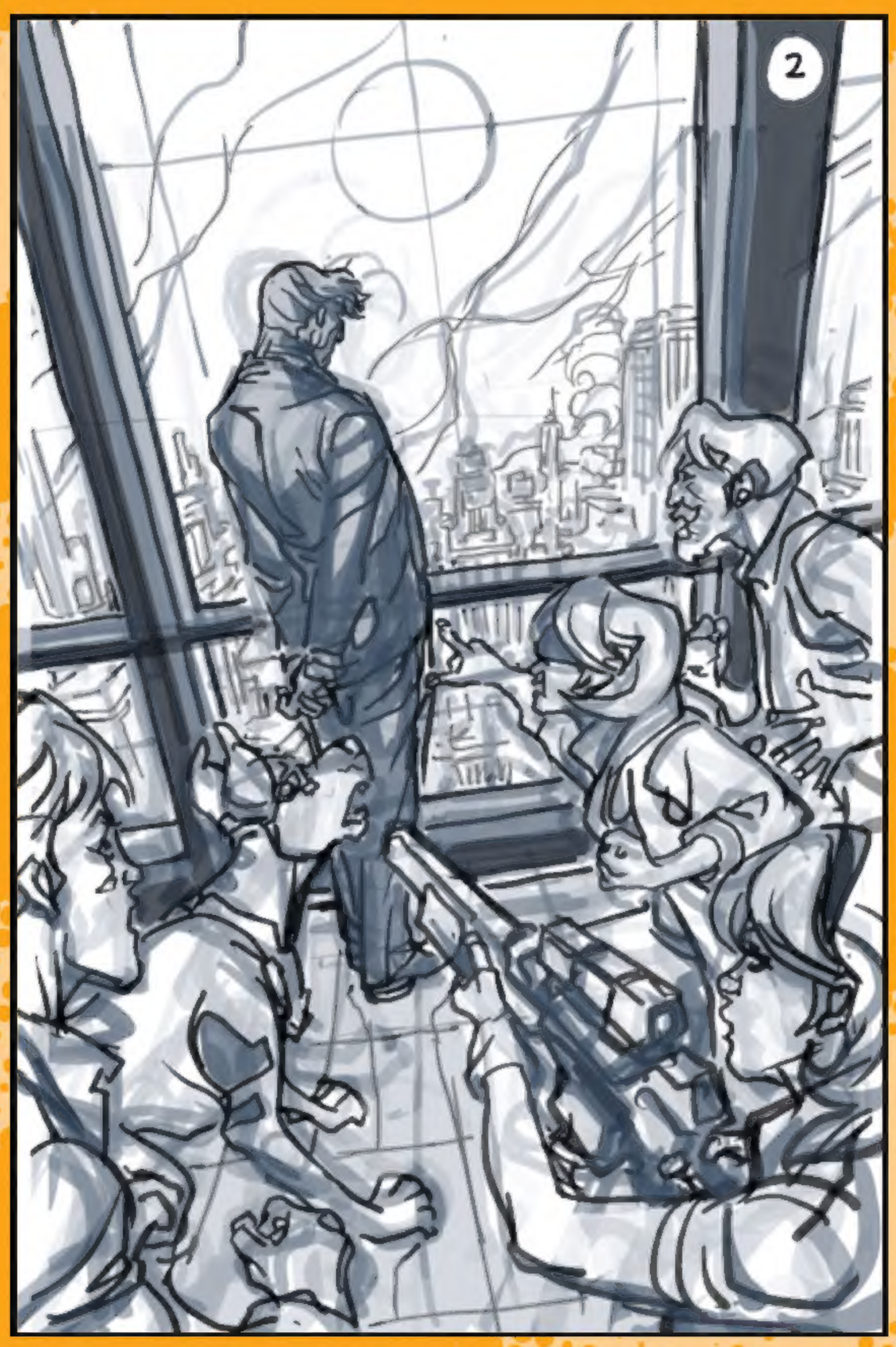
Velma sketch by CHRIS BATISTA



SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #10 cover sketch by HOWARD PORTER

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #12 cover sketches by HOWARD PORTER and HI-FI





"Excited for what the creators have in store." **NEWSARAMA**

VELMAGEDDON!

Fred, Daphne, Velma, Shaggy and Scooby-Doo have gotten mixed up in a lot of spooky shenanigans over the years. But it's been nothing a trip in the Mystery Machine, a handful of Scooby Snacks and a little meddling couldn't fix. Until now.

Suddenly the horror is real, the world has been transformed into a monster-filled wasteland and the gang is on the run.

But what if the cause of the apocalypse is one of their own?

The gang's resident brainiac, Velma, has been hiding a dark secret, one that could change the fate of the world–and separate her from her friends forever.

Can Scooby and the gang put aside their differences and save humanity from destruction? Or will they uncover an even more terrifying truth? As Velma herself would say, *jinkies!*

Unmask the next thrilling chapter in this tale of Scooby-Dooby-Doomsday in SCOOBY APOCALYPSE VOL. 2, from the mind of comics superstar **JIM LEE**, written by **KEITH GIFFEN** and **J.M. DeMATTEIS**, with art by **DALE EAGLESHAM** and others! Collects issues #7-12.

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"